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Colman, George
The poor gentleman

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THE

POOR GENTLEMAN:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

(*First acted on the* 11*th of February*, 1801.)

By GEORGE COLMAN (the Younger).

"*Ne tibi melius suadet, qui rem facias; rem,*
Si possis, recte: si non quocumque modo rem;
An quo Fortunæ te reponsare superbæ
Liceatum et cretum præsens vortatur et optat?" Hor.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN, PRINTERS-STREET;

FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1802.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

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PROLOGUE.

(*Written by the Honourable* FRANCIS NORTH.)

A Long-eſtabliſh'd Chapman in the trade,
Fairly avows he feels himſelf afraid;
Yet, why ſhould terror in his breaſt prevail?
He brings the ſelf-ſame merchandiſe to ſale.
Will his kind Cuſtomers their bounty drop,
To the ſame trader, in a *larger* ſhop?
Treat him but as you treated him before;—
Ah! give no leſs—he *cannot wiſh* for more.
Thus far the Author has his ſuit preferr'd;
Now, let the wretched Prologue ſpeak one word.
Unhappy verſe! that's calmly doom'd to glide,
In mournful ſilence, down Oblivion's tide;
It ſwings before the door, an empty ſign;
The Play's the treat, the Epilogue's the wine:
While the poor Prologue's dull, and formal face,
Paſſes as much unheeded as the *grace*.
Our Bard (the hoſt) prepares, for every gueſt,
A diſh of ſentiment, he truſts, well dreſs'd.
You chuſe the lighter *entremets* of wit. (*To the Boxes.*)
Sirloins of ſolid ſenſe beſt pleaſe the Pit.
You, ye great Gods of this, our little earth,
Love true good humour, ſeaſon'd high with mirth.
Tho' hard the taſk, he boldly ſtrives, to-night,
To ſatisfy each various appetite;
Sure to ſucceed, if *you* approve his plan;
But ſhould ye frown,——alas, *Poor Gentleman!*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lieutenant Worthington	Meſſrs. MURRAY.
Corporal Foſs - - -	KNIGHT.
Sir Charles Cropland - -	H. JOHNSON.
Warner - - -	DAVENPORT.
Sir Robert Bramble - -	MUNDEN.
Humphrey Dobbins - -	WADDY.
Farmer Harrowby - -	TOWNSEND.
Stephen Harrowby - -	EMERY.
Ollapod - - -	FAWCETT.
Frederick - -	LEWIS.

Emily Worthington -	Mrs. GIBBS.
Miſs Lucretia Mac Tab	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Dame Harrowby -	Mrs. POWELL.
Mary - -	Miſs SIMS.

Servants, &c.

SCENE— *Kent.*

THE

POOR GENTLEMAN.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*A Farm-House Kitchen.*

Dame HARROWBY *and* MARY *discover'd.*

Dame.

SURE, my meaſter won't be worſe nor his word, and fail to come back, from Lunnun, to-day?

Mary. That's what he won't, mother—Feyther be as true as the clock; which, for certain, do go but indifferent, now, ſeeing it do ſtand ſtill.

Farmer HARROWBY *(without).* Woho! gently wi'em! So, there!

Dame. His voice, Mary! warn't it?

Mary. I do think ſo, fegs!—Stay! *(looks out of the window)* Dear! here be a new drove of rare horned cattle coming into the yard.

Dame. Nay, then, I'll warrant my old man be among 'em.

Mary. Yes; there be feyther, as ſure as two-pence.

Dame. Run, Mary! 'tis my meaſter! run!

[MARY *goes out.*

If I ben't all of a twitter to ſee my old John Harrowby again!

Farmer. *(without.)* Gently wi'em—So, boys, ſo!—See 'em well into the yard, Will; and I'll be wi' you, and the reſt of the beaſts an' bye.—

Enter Farmer HARROWBY, MARY *following.*

Farmer. Well, miſtreſs!—How am you? Buſs! *(kiſſes her.)* So—Well, and how am you?

Dame. Purely, John, I thank ye! Well, and how?

Farmer. Why, I be come from Lunnun, you ſee—I warrant, I ſmell of ſmoke like the Nag's-head chimney, in the Borough.

Dame. And what be the freſheſt news ſtirring up at Lunnun, John?

Farmer. Freſheſt news? Why, hops have a heavy ſale; wheat and malting ſamples command a briſk market; new tick beans am riſen two ſhillings per quarter; and white and grey peas keep up to their prices.

Mary. Dear! how pleaſant 'tis to get the news freſh from Lunnun! La! feyther, if you would but one of thoſe days, now, juſt carry I up to Lunnun, to learn the genteel faſhions at Smithfield, and the Borough, and ſee the modiſh ladies there a bit!

Farmer. No, no, Mary—bide at farm, and know when you am well. But, miſtreſs, let's hear a little all how and about it, at home.

Dame. Why, firſt and foremoſt, John, our lodgers be come.

Farmer. No? you don't ſay ſo?

Mary. An hour a'ter you left us, feyther.

Dame. The old gentleman, Lieutenant Worthington—

Mary. And his daughter, Miſs Emily;

Dame. And his ſiſter-in-law, Madame Lucretia Mac Tab;

Mary. And his old ſoldiering ſervant, Corporal Foſs.

Farmer. Whew! fair and ſoftly! One at a time! one at a time!

Dame. The Lieutenant be a ſtaid-looking gentleman; and Madam Lucretia——

Mary. She be an old maid, feyther; and as frumpiſh a toad, as ever——

Farmer.

Farmer. Why, your old maids, for the moſt part, am but a croſs-grain'd kind of a cattle—howſomdever, diſappointment ſours the beſt of folks.

Dame. But Miſs be the prettieſt little creature———!

Mary. And as ſweet-temper'd, feyther!

Farmer. Be ſhe though?

Mary. No more pride nor our Curate. She will fetch a walk with I, in the field, as I go a milking; and ſpeak ſo kind and ſo ſoft! and carry my pail, if I would let her; and all with as much deſcenſion, and fallibility!

Farmer. Bleſs her heart!

Stephen. (ſinging, without.) "There was a regiment of Iriſh dragoons,"——

Farmer. What a dickens! be that ſon Stephen keeping ſuch a clatter?

Dame. Ah! the boy be crazed, I do think, about ſoldiering, ever ſince the Lieutenant's ſervant, Corporal Foſs, have diſcourſed to him, about champaigning.

Farmer. Soldiering! I'll ſoldier the dog, an' he doesn't ſtick to plough, wi' a devil to 'un!

Enter STEPHEN—*his hair dreſs'd like a ſoldier's; a black ſtock, ſhort frock, military ſpatterdaſhes; and a carter's whip in his hand.*

Stephen. Feyther, you am welcome back to country quarters. Charming weather for the young wheat, feyther.

Farmer. Why, you booby, who ha' made thee ſuch a baboon?

Stephen. A baboon! he! he! This be milentary, feyther. "Why Soldiers, why, ſhould we be melancholy, boys!"— (*ſinging.*)

Dame. The lad's head be crack'd, for certain.

Stephen. "Why, Soldiers, why."——(*ſinging.*)

Farmer. Crack'd! dang me, but it ſhall be crack'd an' he don't keep to his buſineſs.—

Stephen. (*ſinging*) —"Whoſe buſineſs 'tis to die."

Farmer. Anſwer me, you whelp, you! Who have ſoap'd up and flower'd your numſkull after ſuch a faſhion?

Stephen. Lord, feyther, don't be ſo vicious. Corporal Foſs have put I a little upon drill, that be all.

Farmer. Upon drill! and leave the farm to go to rack and manger?

Stephen. No, feyther, no. I minds my work, and learns my exerciſe, all under one. I practiſe "make ready, and preſent," in our bean-field; and when the Corporal cries "Fire," I ſhoots the carion crows, as do the miſchief.—See, feyther, Corporal Foſs have given I this pair of ſplatterdaſhes. He wore 'em when he went to beat the Spaniels, at Giberaltar.

Farmer. I'll tell thee what, Stephen—I have a great mind to beat thee worſe nor e'er a Spaniel was beat i' the world. I'll tire thee of ſoldiering, I warrant thee.

Stephen. (ſinging.) "The ſoldier tired"——

Mary. Huſh, brother! you'll ſcare the whole village.

Stephen. (ſinging.) "With war's alarms."

Farmer. Wauns! let me come at him.

Dame. } No, John!
Mary. } Hold, feyther, hold! (*both interfering*).

Stephen. Don't be ſo haſty, feyther. I minds my buſineſs, I tell'ee. I ha' ſow'd three acres of barley before breakfaſt, already.

Farmer. Well, come; there may be ſome hope, then, yet. And how did'ſt ſow it, Stephen?

Stephen. I ſow'd it to the tune of the Belleiſle march. Tol diddle de doll, &c.

Farmer. A Plough-boy, wi' his hair dreſs'd, ſowing barley to the tune of the Belleiſle march!

Stephen. Well, I ha' got the team at door, wi' a load of ſtraw, for Squire Tallyho—Woho! my hearties! I be a coming to you. Feyther, Corporal ſays, that our foremoſt horſe, Argus, if he warn't blind, would make a genteel Charger.

Farmer.

Farmer. O, plague o' the Corporal!

Stephen. 'Twould do your heart good to hear him talk, in our chimney corner, about mowing down men, in the field of ſlaughter. Well, well, I be a going, feyther.—Woho! old Argus and Jolly there! The Corporal was wounded, feyther, in the left knee, wi' a hand grenadiero——

Farmer. Wauns! an' you don't go, I'll——

Stephen. Well, well, I be going. *(Shoulders his whip.)* To the right about, feace! *(Faces about.)* "God ſave great George our King!"

[*Exit, marching and ſinging.*

Farmer. He ſha'n't bide on the farm. I'll turn him adrift. I'll——

Mary. (crying.) Don't ye, feyther; don't ye be ſo bent againſt poor Stephen.

Farmer. Hoity toity! and you, too! Why, the whole houſe will be turn'd topſy-turvy.

Mary. No, indeed, feyther. Tho' Stephen be a little upſet with the Corporal, nobody ſhall turn! topſy-turvy, I do aſſure you, feyther.

[*A voice without calls*—MARY!

Mary. There! if that ben't Miſs Emily calling—Now, do, feyther! do forgive brother Stephen! Coming, Miſs! Now do ye, feyther! Coming!

[*Exit* MARY.

Farmer. Pretty goings on, truly! Dang it, I wiſh, ſomehow, we had'nt let theſe lodgers into the houſe;—but 'twill help us out with our rent, and—

Dame. Ah, John Harrowby! *(ſhaking her head.)*

Farmer. Why, what now, Deame?

Dame. By all I can pick out from the Corporal, who do love to goſſip over his beer, our money be but in a tickliſh way.

Farmer. Eh! why, how ſo?

Dame. A deſperate poor family, I fancy.

Farmer. What, then, the Lieutenant ——

Dame. Have been in the ſoldiering line, for thirty long years; but an ugly wound in the arm, which he got in the wars, beyond ſea, have made him unfit for his work any more, it do ſeem.

Farmer.

Farmer. Poor ſoul!

Dame. He be now upon half-pay; which be little enow, for ſo many mouths, in one family.

Farmer. Poor ſoul! his landlord, in Lunnun, wrote uncommon well, ſure, about his character, and honeſty, and ſo forth.

Dame. True, John; but he could ſtand it, in Lunnun, no longer, you do ſee.

Farmer. Why, look ye, Deame—I didn't, of a certainty, intend to let our beſt parlours for nothing: but I wiſh I may be ſhot if I can give harſh treatment to an honeſt man, in misfortune, under my thatch; who have waſted his ſtrength, and his youth, in guarding the land which do give us Engliſh farmers a livelihood.

Dame. Ah, John! you am at your old kind ways, now!

Farmer. Hark! he be opening the parlour door—Leave us together a bit, miſtreſs: I'll ſpeak to 'un, and ———

Dame. Well, I'll go, John—Ah! bleſs thy good old heart! I do like to do a good turn myſelf; but, ſomehow, my old man do always get the ſtart o' me. [*Exit.*

Enter WORTHINGTON.

Farmer. A good day to you, Sir! (*bowing*) You am welcome into Kent, Sir,—to my humble cottage, here.

Worth. Oh, my landlord, I ſuppoſe—Farmer Harrowby?

Farmer. Yes, Sir, I be Farmer Harrowby. I hope all things am to your liking, at Stocks' Green, Sir—I hope the lodgings, Sir, and my wife, have been agreeable to you, Sir, and ſo forth.

Worth. Nothing can be better. You are well ſituated here, Mr. Harrowby.

Farmer. We am all in the rough, Sir; farmer-like—but the place be well enow for poor folk, Sir.

Worth. What does he mean by that? (*Aſide.*)

Farmer.

Farmer. I be content in my ſtation. There be no reaſon why a poor man ſhould not be happy.

Worth. A million! (*Half aſide.*)

Farmer Am there? Well, now, I can't ſee that: for, putting the caſe, now, Sir, that you was poor, like I ———

Worth. (*Angrily.*) I will not ſuffer you, Sir, to put a caſe ſo familiarly curious.

Farmer. Nay, I meant no offence, I'll be ſworn, Sir.

Worth. But, if you wiſh to know my ſentiments, as far as it may concern yourſelf, in any money tranſactions between us, be aſſured of this:—I have too nice a ſenſe of a gentleman's dignity, and too ſtrong a feeling for a poor man's neceſſity, to permit him to wait a day for a ſingle ſhilling, which I am indebted to him.

Farmer. Dang it! he muſt be poor; for your great gentry, now-a-days, do pay in a clean contrary faſhion. (*Aſide.*)

Worth. I ſhall ſettle with you, for the lodgings, Mr. Harrowby, weekly—One week is due to-day, and——(*pulling out a purſe*)

Farmer. No, Sir, no—under favour, I would like it beſt quarterly—or half-yearly—or at any long time may ſuit your conveni——I mean, may ſuit your pleaſure, Sir.

Worth. Why ſo?

Farmer. Becauſe—humph—becauſe, Sir—pray, if I may make ſo bold, Sir, how often may the pay-days come round, with the army-gentlemen, and ſuch like?

Worth. Inſolent! receive your money, Sir, and let me paſs from your apartment (*Offering it*).

Farmer. Then I wiſh I may be burnt if I take it now, and that be flat, Sir. (*rejecting it.*) You am a brave, good gentleman, I be told, Sir;—wi a family, and—and—and—in ſhort, there am ſome little ſhopmen, of our village, who may preſs you hard, to ſettle by the week; pay them greedy ones firſt,

firſt, Sir; and if there be enow, at laſt, left for I, well and good; and if you am inclined for riding, Sir, there be always a gelding at your ſervice, without charge. I be a plain man, Sir; but I do mean nothing but reſpect; and, ſo, I humbly wiſh you a good day, Sir. [*Exit.*

Worth. How am I mortified! What has this man heard? Yet, this little ſimple movement of ruſtick humanity towards me has—Pſhaw! where is my fortitude! Inured to the frowns of the world, one kindly ſmile of compaſſion ſubdues me. Is there a ſtate more galling than to need the decent means of maintaining the appearance which liberal birth, education, and profeſſion demand? Yes,—yes, there is an aggravation!—'Tis to have a daughter nurſed in her father's afflictions, with little more to ſhare with her than the bread of his anguiſh, the bitter cup of his ſorrows. To ſee, while I am ſinking to my grave, my friendleſs, motherleſs child.——Let me draw a veil over this picture—'Twere not philoſophy, but brutality, to look upon it unmoved. I can not! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.——*An apartment in* Sir CHARLES CROPLAND'S *houſe*; Sir CHARLES CROPLAND *at breakfaſt*; *his Valet de chambre adjuſting his hair.*

Sir Cha. Has old Warner, the ſteward, been told that I arrived laſt night?

Valet. Yes, Sir Charles; with orders to attend you this morning.

Sir Cha. (*Yawning and ſtretching*) What can a man of faſhion do with himſelf in the country, at this damn'd dull time of the year!

Valet. It is very pleaſant, to-day, out in the park, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Pleaſant, you booby! How can the country be pleaſant in the middle of Spring? All the world's in London.

Valet.

Valet. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

Sir Cha. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful. It spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate, here, is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday, when I left town, on this wise expedition?

Valet. The first of April, Sir Charles.

Sir. Cha. Umph!—When Mr. Warner comes, shew him in.

Valet. I shall, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes, issued from the bank of Nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly. So, Mr. Warner!

Enter WARNER.

Warner. Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. A very tedious time. Three days, Mr. Warner.

Warner. Ah, good Sir! things wou'd prosper better if you honour'd us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Thank you, Warner;—but modern men of fashion find it deviliſh difficult to live upon their estates.

Warner. The country about you so charming!

Sir Cha. Look ye, Warner—I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts, and the spring months, I must be in town, at the Clubs—for that's the thing.—In summer, I must be at the watering places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible

poſſible for me to reſide upon my eſtate? For my eſtate being in Kent——

Warner. The moſt beautiful part of the County.

Sir Cha. Curſe beauty! we don't mind that in Leiceſterſhire. My eſtate, I ſay, being in Kent—

Warner. A land of milk and honey!—

Sir Cha. I hate milk and honey.

Warner. A land of fat!—

Sir Cha. Damn your fat!—liſten to me—my eſtate being in Kent—

Warner. So woody!

Sir Cha. Curſe the wood! No—that's wrong—for it's convenient. I am come on purpoſe to cut it.

Warner. Ah! I was afraid ſo! Dice on the table, and, then, the axe to the root! Money loſt at play, and then, good lack! the foreſt groans for it.

Sir Cha. But you are not the foreſt, and why the devil do you groan for it?

Warner. I heartily wiſh, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly eſtate. Your worthy anceſtors had views for their poſterity.

Sir Cha. And I ſhall have views for my poſterity—I ſhall take ſpecial care the trees ſha'n't intercept their proſpect.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

Sir Cha. Shew him in. [*Exit* SERVANT.

The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He ſhall kill a quarter of an hour for me, this morning. In ſhort, Mr. Warner, I muſt have three thouſand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount, immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, Sir.

Warner. I ſhall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old ſervant of the family, if he grieves to ſee you forget ſome of the duties for which ſociety has a claim upon you.

Sir Cha.

Sir Cha. What do you mean by duties?

Warner. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—Such as to ſupport the dignity of an Engliſh landholder, for the honour of old England; to promote the welfare of his honeſt tenants; and to ſuccour the induſtrious poor, who naturally look up to him for aſſiſtance. But I ſhall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. A tireſome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of phyſick and ſhooting may enliven me—And, to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is, by no means, unintereſting, nor his ſervices inconvenient. Ha! Ollapod!

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your ſlave. Hope our health is good. Been a hard winter here—Sore throats were plenty; ſo were woodcocks. Fluſh'd four couple, one morning, in a half-mile walk, from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinſey. May coming on ſoon, Sir Charles—ſeaſon of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to ſojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good Sir, do you take?

Sir Cha. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it ſeems, to your avocations.

Olla. He! he! yes, Sir Charles. I have, now, the honour to be Cornet in the Volunteer Aſſociation Corps, of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a ſudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to ſport, bliſter, ſhoot, nor bleed—was buſy behind the counter—You know my ſhop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new-gilt him laſt week, by the bye—looks as freſh as a pill.

Sir Cha.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now—Proceed.

Olla. On that Head! he! he! he! That's very well; very well, indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one.—Churchwarden Poſh, of our town, being ill of an indigeſtion, from eating three pounds of meaſly pork, at a Veſtry dinner, I was making up a cathartick for the patient; when, who ſhould ſtrut into the ſhop, but Lieutenant Grains, the Brewer—ſleek as a dray-horſe—in a ſmart ſcarlet jacket, taſtily turn'd up with a rhubarb-colour'd lapelle. I confeſs his figure ſtruck me. I look'd at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt inſtantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable ſort.

Olla. Ha! ha! That's very well—very well, indeed!—Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. We firſt talk'd of ſhooting—He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before, I had kill'd ſix brace of birds—I thumpt on at the mortar—We then talk'd of phyſick—I told him, the day before, I had kill'd—loſt, I mean,—ſix brace of patients—I thumpt on at the mortar—eyeing him all the while; for he look'd deviliſh flaſhy, to be ſure; and I felt an itching to belong to the Corps. The medical, and military, both deal in death, you know—ſo, 'twas natural. He! he!—Do you take, good Sir? do you take?

Sir Cha. Take? Oh, nobody can miſs.

Olla. He then talk'd of the Corps itſelf: ſaid it was ſickly; and if a profeſſional perſon would adminiſter to the health of the Aſſociation—doſe the men, and drench the horſe—he could, perhaps, procure him a Cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jump'd at the offer?

Olla. Jump'd! I jump'd over the counter—kick'd down Churchwarden Poſh's cathartick, into the

the pocket of Lieutenant Grains's ſmart ſcarlet jacket, taſtily turn'd up with a rhubarb-colour'd lapelle; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's-head, of the Aſſociation Corps of Cavalry, at your ſervice.

Sir Cha. I wiſh you joy of your appointment. You may now diſtil water for the ſhop, from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—Oh! laurel water—he! he! Come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poiſon of a ſmall miſtake I made has ceaſed to operate.

Sir Cha. A miſtake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her Ladyſhip's diet-drink into one of my holſters; intending to proceed to the patient, after the exerciſe was over—I reach'd the martial ground, and jallop'd—gallop'd, I mean—wheel'd, and flouriſh'd, with great *eclât*; but when the word "Fire" was given, meaning to pull out my piſtol, in a hell of a hurry, I preſented, neck foremoſt, the damn'd diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being, unfortunately, fermented, by the jolting of my horſe, it forced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir Cha. But, in the midſt of ſo many perſuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies?

Olla. He! he! I ſhould be ſorry not to feel the pulſe of a pretty woman, now and then, Sir Charles. Do you take, good Sir, do you take?

Sir Cha. Any new faces, ſince I left the country?

Olla. Nothing worth an item—Nothing new arrived in our town. In the village, to be ſure, hard by, a moſt brilliant beauty has lately given luſtre to the lodgings of Farmer Harrowby.

Sir Cha. Indeed! is ſhe come-at-able, Ollapod?

Olla. Oh no! Full of honour as a Corps of Ca-

valry; tho', plump as a partridge, and mild as emulſion. Miſs Emily Worthington, I may venture to ſay ————

Sir Cha. Hey? who? Emily Worthington!

Olla. With her father ————

Sir Cha. An old officer in the army?

Olla. The ſame.

Sir Cha. And a ſtiff maiden aunt?

Olla. Stiff as a ram-rod.

Sir Cha. (*ſinging and dancing.*) Tol de rol lol!

Olla. Bleſs me! he is ſeized with St. Vitus's dance.

Sir Cha. 'Tis ſhe, by Jupiter! my dear Ollapod! (*embracing him*).

Olla. Oh, my dear Sir Charles! (*returning the embrace*).

Sir Cha. The very girl who has juſt ſlipt thro' my fingers, in London.

Olla. Oho!

Sir Cha. You can ſerve me materially, Ollapod. I know your good nature, in a caſe like this, and ————

Olla. State the ſymptoms of the caſe, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Oh, common enough. Saw her in London by accident: wheedled the old maiden aunt; kept out of the father's way; follow'd Emily more than a month, without ſucceſs;—and, eight days ago ſhe vaniſhed—there's the outline.

Olla. I ſee no matrimonial ſymptoms in our caſe, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath! do you think me mad? But, introduce yourſelf to the family, and pave the way for me. Come! mount your horſe—I'll explain more, as you go to the ſtable:—but I am in a flame, in a fever, till I hear further.

Olla. In a fever! I'll ſend you phyſick enough to fill a baggage-waggon.

Sir Cha. (*aſide.*) So! a long bill as the price of his politeneſs!

Olla.

Olla. You need not bleed; but you muſt have medicine.

Sir Cha. If I muſt have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I ſhall bleed pretty freely.

Olla. He! he! Come, that's very well! very well indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Before dinner, a ſtrong doſe of coloquintida, ſenna, ſcammony, and gambouge;—

Sir Cha. Oh, damn ſcammony and gambouge!

Olla. At night a narcotick;—next day, ſaline draughts, camphorated julep, and ———

Sir Cha. Zounds! only go, and I'll ſwallow your whole ſhop.

Olla. Galen forbid! 'Tis enough to kill every cuſtomer I have in the pariſh!—Then we'll throw in the bark—by the bye, talking of bark, Sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettieſt pointer bitch ———

Sir Cha. Well, well, ſhe is yours.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles! ſuch ſport, next ſhooting ſeaſon!—If I had but a double barrell'd gun ——

Sir Cha. Take mine that hangs in the hall.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles!—Here's a morning's work! ſenna and coloquintida—(*aſide.*)

Sir Cha. Well, be gone then. (*Puſhing him.*)

Olla. I'm off—! Scammony and gambouge—

Sir Cha. Nay, fly, man!

Olla. I do, Sir Charles—A double barrell'd gun—I fly—the bark—I'm going—Juno, the bitch—a narcotick ———

Sir Cha. Oh, the devil! (*Puſhing him off.*)

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Outside of* Farmer HARROWBY's *House.*

Farmer HARROWBY, *and* Corporal FOSS.

FARMER.

WE am not discourſing about your maſter's bravery, nor his ableneſs, Mr. Corporal; it be about his goodneſs, and that like.

Foſs. A good officer, do you ſee, can't help being a kind-hearted man; for one of his foremoſt duties tells him to ſtudy the comfort of the poor people below him.

Farmer. Dang it, that be the duty of our churchwardens; but many poor people do complain of 'em.

Foſs. An officer, Mr. Harrowby, is n't a bit like a churchwarden. Ship off an officer, we'll ſay, with his company, to a foreign climate. He lands, and endures heat, cold, fatigue, hunger, thirſt, ſickneſs—Now marching over the burning plain—now up to his knees in wet, in the trench—Now—damn it, Farmer, how can a man ſuffer ſuch hardſhips, with a parcel of honeſt fellows, under his command, and not learn to feel for his fellow-creatures?

Farmer. Well; and that be true, ſure! And have your maſter, Lieutenant Worthington, learnt this?

Foſs. His honour was beloved by the whole regiment. When his wife was ſhot in his arms, as ſhe lay in his tent—there was n't a dry eye in our corps.

Farmer. Shot in his arms! And, was ſhe, though?

Foſs.

Foſs. I never like to think on't, becauſe—Pſhaw! (*wipes his eyes*) I hate to be unſoldier-like—I whimper'd enough, about it, ſeventeen years ago.

Farmer. Nay, take no ſhame, Mr. Corporal, take no ſhame. Honeſt tears, upon honeſt faces, am, for all the world, like growing ſhowers, upon my meadows—the wet do raiſe their value.

Foſs. However, he had ſomething left to conſole him, after her death.

Farmer. And what ware that?

Foſs. 'Twas his child, Mr. Harrowby. Our Miſs Emily was then but three years old. I have heard his honour ſay, her mother had fled to the abode of peace, and left her innocent in the lap of war.

Farmer. Pretty ſoul! ſhe muſt have been quite ſcared and frightful.

Foſs. She didn't know her danger. She little thought, then, that a chance ball might take her father too—and leave her a helpleſs orphan, in a ſtrange country.

Farmer. And, if it had ſo fell out?

Foſs. Why, then, perhaps, nothing would have been left her but a poor Corporal, to buckle her on his knapſack: but I would have ſtruggled hard with fortune, to rake up a little pittance for the child of a kind maſter; whom I had follow'd thro' many a campaign, and ſeen fight his firſt battle, and his laſt.

Farmer. Do, give us your hand, Mr. Corporal. I'll be ſhot, now, if I could ſee an old ſoldier travelling by, wi' his knapſack, loaded in that manner, and not call him in, to cheer the poor ſoul, on his journey.

Foſs. I thank you very kindly, Mr. Harrowby;—but Providence order'd things otherwiſe: for on the thirteenth of September, in the year eighty-two, a few months after my poor miſtreſs's death, the burſting of a ſhell, in the garriſon, cruſh'd his honour's arm

almoſt to ſhivers; and I got wounded on the cap of my knee here. It diſabled us, both, from ever ſerving again.

Farmer. That turn'd out but a baddiſh day's work, Mr. Corporal.

Foſs. It turn'd out one of the beſt day's work, for an Engliſhman, that ever was ſeen, Mr. Harrowby; for, on that day, our brave General Elliot gave the Frenchmen, and Spaniards, as hearty a drubbing, at Gibraltar, as ever they had in their lives. A true ſoldier, Mr. Harrowby, would part with all his limbs, and his life after them, rather than Old England ſhould have loſt the glory of that day.

Farmer. And how long, now, might you lay in your wounds and torments, Mr. Corporal?

Foſs. 'Twas ſome time before either of us could be moved: and when we could—being unfit for duty any longer—I follow'd his honour, with little Miſs Emily, into America, where the war was newly finiſh'd; for things are cheap there, Mr. Harrowby, and that beſt ſuits a Lieutenant's pocket.

Farmer. I do fear it do indeed, Mr. Corporal.

Foſs. But we had a pretty cottage in Canada, on the banks of the river St. Lawrence; ſhut out from all the world, as I may ſay.

Farmer. Deſperate loneſome ſure, for ſoldiers, who am uſed to be in a buſtle.

Foſs. Why, we ſoon grew uſed to it, Mr. Harrowby; and ſhould never have left it, perhaps, if ſomething hadn't called his honour, a year ago, into England.

Farmer. Well, I muſt away about the farm—And, do tell your maſter, Mr. Corporal—tell him gently though, for he be a little touchy-like, I do ſee—that if ſo be things am cheap in America, they mayn't be found a morſel dearer here, when a wounded Engliſh ſoldier do ſit at the door of an Engliſh farmer. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter STEPHEN.

Stephen. (*ſinging*) "Dumbarton's drums beat bonny, O!"—If you am expoſed to drill I a bit, Corporal, now be your time.

"I'll ſtay no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum." (*Singing.*)

Foſs. You are back early to-day, my honeſt lad.

Stephen. Yes; I do love to be betimes at parade. You'll never find I laſt comer, when men am to be muſtarded! I ha' finiſhed my day's work, outright.

Foſs. You have loſt no time, then.

Stephen. No—I ha' loſt a cart and horſes.

Foſs. Loſt a cart and horſes!

Stephen. Aye, as good;—for as I ware a coming back, empty-handed, wi' our cart, I thought I might as well prac*tiſe* a little, as I walk'd by the ſide on't—ſo I held up my head—in the milentary faſhion, you do know—and began a marching near foot foremoſt, to the tune of the Britiſh Grenadiers.

Foſs. Well?

Stephen. Dang it! while I ware a carrying my head up, as ſtraight as a hop-pole, our leading horſe, blind Argus, drags lean Jolly, wi' the cart at his tail, into a ſlough.

Foſs. Zounds! ſo you plunged the baggage into a moraſs?

Stephen. I don't know what you do call a moraſs; but they am ſticking up to their necks, in the mud, at the bottom of Waggon-lodge field.

Foſs. O fie! you ſhould have look'd to them better.

Stephen. Look'd to 'em! Why, how could that poſſible be, mun? when you teach'd I to hold up my noſe to the clouds, like a pig in the wind.

Olla. (*without.*) Here,—Juno! Juno! Put my pointer into your ſtable, my lad.—Thank ye—if ever you're ill, I'll phyſick you for nothing.

Stephen. Oh, that be Mr. Ollapod, the potter-carrier.

Enter OLLAPOD, *with a double-barrell'd gun.*

Olla. Stephen, how's your health? Fine weather for the farmers.—Corporal, I've heard of you;—charming Spring for campaigning!—I am Cornet Ollapod, of the Galen's-head; come to pay my reſpects to your family. Stephen, how's your father, and his hogs, geeſe, daughter, wife, bullocks, and ſo forth? Are the partridges beginning to lay yet, Stephen?

Stephen. Am you come to ſhoot the young birds, before they am hatch'd, wi' that double-barrell'd gun, Mr. Ollapod?

Olla. Come, that's very well! very well indeed for a bumpkin! Thank you, good Stephen, I owe you half a one. I hope your maſter, Lieutenant Worthington's well,—whoſe acquaintance I covet. We ſoldiers mix together as naturally as medicine in a mortar.

Foſs. Is your Honour in the army then?

Stephen. He be only a Coronet, in the town corpſe.

Olla. I wiſh that lout had a lock'd jaw! Our Aſſociation is as fine, and, I may ſay, without vanity, will be as healthy a Corps, when their ſpring phyſick is finiſh'd, as any regular regiment in England.

Foſs. Why, your honour, I have ſeen a good deal of ſervice in the regular way; and know nothing about Aſſociations; but I think, an' pleaſe your honour, if men take up arms to defend their country, they deſerve to be thank'd, and reſpected for it, and it doesn't ſignify a brass farthing what they are called.

Olla. Right—the name's nothing—merit's all—Rhubarb's rhubarb, call it what you will.—Do you take, Corporal? do you take?

Foſs. I never took any in all my life, an pleaſe your Honour.

Olla. That's very well, very well indeed! Thank you, corporal—I owe you one—Now, introduce me to the family.

Foſs.

Foſs. I can't without orders; and his Honour is walk'd out.

Olla. That's right; exerciſe is conducive to health. I'll walk in.

Foſs. Under favour, your honour, I ſtand centinel here; and I can't let a ſtranger paſs, without conſulting the garriſon. If you'll pleaſe to ſaunter about, for half an hour, I ſhall ſpeak to our ladies, and ——

Olla. Well, do ſo—Stephen, come with me about the grounds.

Stephen. I don't like to march wi' you, Mr. Ollapod—You am no regular—Dang me, if I budge wi' him, Corporal, without your word of command.

Olla. But, damn it, I'm of the Cavalry.

Stephen. No matter for that. You am upon our ground, and unhorſed—Now, Corporal——!

Olla. Well, if I muſt, I——

Foſs. March!

Stephen. Come, pottercarrier. Tol de rol.

[*Exeunt.* STEPHEN *and* OLLAPOD *at the ſide.* *The* Corporal *into the houſe.*

SCENE II.—*A Parlour in* Farmer HARROWBY'*s houſe.*

Miſs LUCRETIA MACTAB, *and* EMILY WORTHINGTON *diſcover'd, at a table. On the table are work-boxes, pens, ink, and paper, &c.*—EMILY *at work,* LUCRETIA *looking over a ſhabby memorandum-book.*

Luc. Miſs Emily Worthington, you have work'd thoſe flowers moſt miſerably, child.

Emily. Dear, now, I am very ſorry for that. I was in hopes they might have ſold for ſomething, at London, that I might have ſurpriſed my father with the money.

Luc. Sold! Ah, you have none of the proper pride which my ſide of the family ſhould have given you—But, let me look over my expences ſince we have

have been here. (*reading.*) "To one week's "washing, and darning, for the Honourable Miss "Lucretia MacTab, one and sevenpence."—By the bye, Miss Emily, that sprig of myrtle is thicker than a birch-broom, and the white rose looks just like a powder-puff.

Emily. Indeed, I copied them from nature, grand aunt.

Luc. Grand aunt! you know I hate that hideous title: but 'tis the fault of your wild American education.

Emily. Nay, there can be no fault in that; for my dear father educated me himself, in our little cottage, in Canada.

Luc. He might have taught you, then, a little more respect for me, who am of the elevated part of the family—"Snuff from the chandler, a half-penny," (*reading.*)—You know, child, I am your relation, on your deceased mother's side, and of the noble blood of the MacTabs.

Emily. Yes, I know that now: but my poor mother had no relation on her side, when her father, Lord Lofty, abandon'd her for marrying.

Luc. My brother, Lord Lofty, acted as became his rank. You will please to recollect he was one of the oldest barons in Scotland.

Emily. Was he, indeed! And you were born only three years after him, grand aunt!

Luc. Miss Emily, your ignorance is greater than ——— (*rising.*) I meant, his title is one of the most ancient of the Barony; and he might well be offended at the marriage of my deceased niece, his daughter; for, you know, your father is a mere —— but, no matter.

Emily. Indeed, but it does matter, though. My father is a gentleman by birth, education, and manners; and that's a character as well deserving respect as the proudest Peer of the realm.

Luc. And, pray, what have I insinuated against your father? On the contrary, you might remember

ber how handſomely I have offer'd him my countenance.

Emily. I remember it was a year ago that you came, and ſaid you would live with us;—when your brother, Lord Lofty, died ſo much in debt, and left you deſtitute.

Luc. More ſhame for him! But, didn't I, then, affectionately fly to your father, and tell him I wou'd allow him the honour to maintain me for the future? And hav'n't I, notwithſtanding his obſcure ſituation, and narrow finances, kindly lived at the Lieutenant's charge, in the moſt condeſcending way in the world?

Emily. Condeſcending!

Luc. Yes, Miſs Emily; but, it ſeems, by forgetting me, you forget yourſelf.

Emily. No—indeed I know my ſituation. I am a poor Officer's child: born in the ſeat of war; rear'd, afterwards, in the wilds of America—rear'd by a kind father, with more coſt than his poverty could well beſtow. He has dropt, in our retreat, many and many a tear of affection on me; and, as often as I have ſeen him mourn my mother's loſs, I have wonder'd to think that *her* father, in ſplendour, could be ſo hard-hearted, while mine, in poverty, was ſo kind!

Luc. Still on the cruelty of your mother's relations! But, would you be guided by me, Miſs Emily, I wou'd make your fortune. Had you follow'd my opinion, before we left town, relative to Sir Charles Cropland, as a huſband.——

Emily. Oh, pray don't mention his name.

Luc. And, why not, Miſs Emily?

Emily. Becauſe I'm ſure he is a libertine.—The familiar looks he gave me——

Luc. Looks! pſha! Sir Charles's are the manners, child, of our young men of high faſhion.

Emily. 'Tis a great pity, then, our young men of high faſhion have ſo inſulting a way of noticing lowly virtue. A coxcomb that ſtares humble modeſty

modeſty out of countenance, muſt be a very cruel coxcomb; and 'tis a ſad thing for the heart to be unfeeling when the head is empty!

Luc. Ha! another of your Canada crotchets—hatch'd on the banks of St. Lawrence; where ſolitude ſits brooding on romance. But will you follow my counſel?

Emily. In reſpect to Sir Charles Cropland? No—never. You received his viſits without my father's knowledge. I would not wed the worthieſt man without *his* conſent; and he would not command me to marry the wealthieſt, whom I could not eſteem.

Luc. Pſhaw! your father's doctrines, child, have made him a beggar.

Emily. (*with warmth.*) A beggar! no, madam, he is rich enough to ſhelter you, who aſperſe him.

Luc. Shelter! ſhelter, indeed, to a MacTab, who affords him her countenance! I ſhall acquaint your father, Miſs Emily, with your rudeneſs to me.

Emily. Acquaint him with all, madam.—Tell him, when his daughter hears him miſrepreſented by——Tell him——You break my heart, madam—Tell him what you pleaſe.

Enter Corporal Foss.

Foſs. I am come, an' pleaſe you, with intelligence of——What! is my young lady a crying?

Luc. Deliver your meſſage, fellow, and aſk no queſtions.

Foſs. An pleaſe your ladyſhip's honour, when an old ſoldier ſees a woman in diſtreſs, 'tis to be hoped he may take juſt half a moment to give her ſome comfort. Miſs Emily!

Luc. Blockhead! what excuſe has a ſoldier for half a moment's delay in his buſineſs?

Foſs. The beſt excuſe, an pleaſe you, may be half a moment's charity. A kind commander is loth to puniſh a poor fellow for doing what heaven rewards. What's the matter, Miſs Emily? (*going to her.*)

Emily.

Emily. 'Tis nothing, good Corporal—lead me to the door of my chamber. (Corporal *is going with her.)*

Luc. You may be taught your duty to me better, ſir.

Foſs. I humbly beg pardon; but my firſt duty, in theſe quarters, is to my maſter, and his child; I know that as a ſervant. My ſecond is, to a woman in grief;—I am ſure of that as a man. My third is to your ladyſhip's honour; and I'll be back to perform it, in as quick a march as a cripple can make of it. Come, Miſs Emily, come!

[*Exit, leading* EMILY.

Luc. Provoking! a ſtupid, technical, old—— But what can a woman of birth expect—when the ducks waddle into her drawing-room, and her groom of the chambers is a lame ſoldier of foot!

Re-enter Foss.

Foſs. There is one Mr. Ollapod at the gate, an' pleaſe your ladyſhip's honour, come to pay a viſit to the family.

Luc. Ollapod? What is the gentleman?

Foſs. He ſays he's a Cornet in the Galen's head. 'Tis the firſt time I ever heard of the Corps.

Luc. Ha,—ſome new-raiſed regiment. Shew the gentleman in. [*Exit* Foss.

The country, then, has heard of my arrival, at laſt. A woman of condition, in a family, can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that ſounds like an ancient name. If I am not miſtaken, he is nobly deſcended.

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. Madam, I have the honour of paying my reſpects. Sweet ſpot, here, among the cows;—good for conſumptions—Charming woods hereabouts—Pheaſants flouriſh—ſo do agues—Sorry not to ſee the good Lieutenant—admire his room, hope, ſoon, to have his company. Do you take, good madam, do you take?

Luc. I beg, Sir, you will be ſeated.

Olla. Oh, dear madam! *(ſitting down)* A charming chair to bleed in! *(Aſide.)*

Luc. I am ſorry Mr. Worthington is not at home, to receive you, Sir.

Olla. You are a relation of the Lieutenant, madam?

Luc. I! only by his marriage, I aſſure you, Sir. Aunt to his deceaſed wife: but I am not ſurpriſed at your queſtion. My friends, in town, would wonder to ſee the Honourable Miſs Lucretia MacTab, ſiſter to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farm houſe.

Olla. (Aſide.) The Honourable! humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay—The ſiſter of a dead Peer in a pig-ſtye!

Luc. You are of the military, I am inform'd, Sir.

Olla. He! he! yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our Volunteers—a fine healthy troop—ready to give the enemy a doſe, whenever they dare to attack us.

Luc. I was always prodigiouſly partial to the military. My great grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horſe, under the Duke of Marlborough; that famous general of his age.

Olla. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam; and lived at Woodſtock—a ſweet ſporting country; where Roſamond periſh'd by poiſon—Arſenick, as likely as any thing.

Luc. And have you ſerved much, Mr. Ollapod?

Olla. He! he! Yes, Madam—ſerved all the nobility, and gentry, for five miles round.

Luc. Sir!

Olla. And ſhall be happy to ſerve the good Lieutenant, and his family. *(Bowing.)*

Luc. We ſhall be proud of your acquaintance, Sir. A gentleman of the Army is always an acquiſition, among the Goths and Vandals of the country;

try; where every ſheepiſh Squire has the air of an apothecary.

Olla. Madam! An apothe—— Zouns!—hum! —He! he! I — You muſt know, I —— I deal a little in Galenicals, myſelf (*ſheepiſhly*).

Luc. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I ſuppoſe, among the military.

Olla. Operations! He! he! Come, that's very well, very well indeed! Thank you, good Madam, I owe you one. Galenicals, Madam, are medicines.

Luc. Medicines!

Olla. Yes, phyſick: buckthorn, ſenna, and ſo forth.

Luc. (*riſing.*) Why, then, you are an apothecary!

Olla. (*riſing too, and bowing.*) And man-midwife, at your ſervice, Madam.

Luc. At my ſervice, indeed!

Olla. Yes, Madam! Cornet Ollapod, at the gilt Galen's-head, of the volunteer Aſſociation Corps of Cavalry—As ready for the foe, as a cuſtomer: always willing to charge them both—Do you take, good Madam, do you take?

Luc. And has the Honourable Miſs Lucretia MacTab been talking, all this while, to a petty dealer in drugs?

Olla. Drugs! dam'me, ſhe turns up her honourable noſe, as if ſhe was going to ſwallow them! No man more reſpected than myſelf, Madam. Courted by the Corps, idolized by invalids; and for a ſhot—aſk my friend, Sir Charles Cropland.

Luc. Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, Sir?

Olla. Intimate. *He* doesn't make wry faces at phyſick, whatever others may do, Madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat veniſon; which is as light a food for digeſtion as ———.

Luc. But he is never on his eſtate here, I am told.

Olla.

Olla. He quarters there at this moment.

Luc. Bleſs me!—Has Sir Charles, then ——?

Olla. Told me all—your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his viſits when the Lieutenant was out.

Luc. Oh, ſhocking! I declare I ſhall faint.

Olla. Faint! never mind that, with a medical man in the room—I can bring you about, in a twinkling.

Luc. And, what has Sir Charles Cropland preſumed to advance about me?

Olla. Oh, nothing derogatory. Reſpectful as a duck-legg'd drummer to a commander in chief.

Luc. I have only proceeded, in this affair, from the pureſt motives; and in a mode becoming a MacTab.

Olla. None dare to doubt it.

Luc. And, if Sir Charles has dropt in, to a diſh of tea, with myſelf and Emily, in London, when the Lieutenant was out, I ſee no harm in it.

Olla. Nor I, neither:—except that tea ſhakes the nervous ſyſtem to ſhatters. But, to the point; the Baronet's my boſom friend—Having heard you were here, "Ollapod," ſays he, ſqueezing my hand in his own, which had ſtrong ſymptoms of fever, "Ollapod," ſays he, "you are a military man, and may be truſted."—"I'm a Cornet," ſays I, "and cloſe as a pill-box"—"Fly, then, to Miſs Lucretia MacTab, that honourable picture of prudence"—

Luc. He! he! did Sir Charles ſay that?

Olla. (*aſide.*) How theſe tabbies love to be toaded!

Luc. In ſhort, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emiſſary; to conſult with me, when he may have an interview.

Olla. Madam, you are the ſharpeſt ſhot at the truth I ever met in my life. And, now we are in conſultation, what think you of a walk with Miſs Emily, by the old elms, at the back of the village, this evening?

Luc.

Luc. Why, I am willing to take any ſteps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

Olla. Take ſteps! what, in a walk? He! he! come, that's very well, very well indeed! Thank you, good Madam; I owe you one. I ſhall communicate to my friend, with due deſpatch. Command Cornet Ollapod, on all occaſions; and whatever the gilt Galen's-head can produce ———

Luc. (*curtſeying.*) Oh, Sir!

Olla. By the bye, I have ſome double diſtill'd lavender water, much admired in our Corps. Permit me to ſend a pint bottle, by way of preſent.

Luc. Dear Sir, I ſhall rob you.

Olla. Quite the contrary:—For I'll ſet it down to Sir Charles as a quart. (*aſide.*) Madam, your ſlave. You have preſcribed for our patient like an able phyſician.—Not a ſtep.

Luc. Nay, I inſiſt ——

Olla. Then I muſt follow in the rear. The phyſician always before the apothecary.

Luc. Apothecary! Sir, in this buſineſs, I look upon you as a general officer.

Olla. Do you? Thank you, good Ma'am: I owe you one. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in Sir* ROBERT BRAMBLE'*s houſe.*

Sir ROBERT BRAMBLE, *and* HUMPHREY DOBBINS.

Sir ROBERT.

I TELL you what, Humphrey Dobbins; there isn't a ſyllable of ſenſe in all you have been ſaying. But, I ſuppoſe you will maintain that there is.

Dob. Yes.

Sir Rob. Yes! is that the way you talk to me, you old boar? What's my name?

Dob. Robert Bramble.

Sir Rob. A'n't I a Baronet? Sir Robert Bramble, of Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent? 'Tis time you ſhould know it; for you have been my clumſy, two fiſted valet de chambre, theſe thirty years—Can you deny that?

Dob. Humph!

Sir Rob. Humph! what the devil do you mean by humph? Open the ruſty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you anſwer my queſtion?

Dob. Becauſe, if I contradicted you there, I ſhould tell a lie; and, whenever I agree with you, you are ſure to fall out.

Sir Rob. Humphrey Dobbins—I have been ſo long endeavouring to beat a few brains into your pate, that all your hair has tumbled off it, before I can carry my point.

Dob. What then? Our Parſon ſays, my head is an emblem of both our honours.

Sir Rob.

Sir Rob. Aye, becauſe honours, like your head, are apt to be empty.

Dob. No;—but if a ſervant has grown bald under his maſter's noſe, it looks as if there was honeſty on one ſide, and regard for it on t'other.

Sir Rob. Why, to be ſure, old Humphrey, you are as honeſt a ———. Pſha! the parſon means to palaver us;—but, to return to my poſition,—I tell you I don't like your flat contradiction.

Dob. Yes, you do.

Sir Rob. I tell you I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments, and I hate their flummery.

Dob. What do you call flummery?

Sir Rob. Flattery, you blockhead! A diſh too often ſerved up, by paltry poor men, to paltry rich ones.

Dob. I never ſerve it up to you.

Sir Rob. No, I'll be ſworn. You give me a diſh of a different deſcription.

Dob. Umph! what is it?

Sir Rob. Sour krout, you old crab.

Dob. I have held you a ſtout tug at argument, this many a year.

Sir Rob. And yet I could never teach you a ſyllogiſm. Now, mind; when a poor man aſſents to what a rich man ſays, I ſuſpect he means to flatter him. Now I am rich, and hate flattery—*Ergo*, when a poor man ſubſcribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Dob. That's wrong.

Sir Rob. Very well—*Negatur*. Now prove it.

Dob. Put the caſe ſo, then—I am a poor man ———.

Sir Rob. You lie, you ſcoundrel! You know you ſhall never want while I have a ſhilling.

Dob. Bleſs you!

Sir Rob. Pſhaw! proceed.

Dob. Well, then, I am a poor——I muſt be a poor man, now, or I ſhall never get on.

Sir Rob. Well, get on. *Be* a poor man.

Dob. I am a poor man; and I argue with you, and convince you you are wrong—then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion: Now, that's no flattery.

Sir Rob. Why, no:—but, when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument; and that puts an end to converſation:—So, I hate him for that. But where's, my nephew, Frederick?

Dob. Been out theſe two hours.

Sir Rob. An undutiful cub!—Only arrived from Ruſſia laſt night; and, though I told him to ſtay at home, till I roſe, he's ſcampering over the fields, like a Calmuc Tartar.

Dob. He's a fine fellow.

Sir Rob. He *has* a touch of our family. Don't you think he's a little like me, Humphrey?

Dob. Bleſs you, not a bit. You are as ugly an old man as ever I clapt my eyes on.

Sir Rob. Now, that's damn'd impudent! But there's no flattery in it; and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother, Job, is of as tame a ſpirit! Humphrey, you remember my brother Job?

Dob. Yes; you drove him to Ruſſia, five-and-twenty years ago.

Sir Rob. I drove him! (*angrily.*)

Dob. Yes, you did—You wou'd never let him be at peace, in the way of argument.

Sir Rob. At peace! Zounds! he would never go to war.

Dob. He had the merit to be calm.

Sir Rob. So has a duck-pond. He was a bit of ſtill life; a chip; weak water-gruel; a tame rabbit, boil'd to rags, without ſauce or ſalt. He received men's arguments with his mouth open, like a poor's-box gaping for halfpence; and, good or bad, he ſwallow'd them all, without any reſiſtance. We cou'dn't diſagree, and ſo we parted.

Dob.

Dob. And, the poor meek gentleman went to Ruſſia, for a quiet life.

Sir Rob. A quiet life! Why, he married the moment he got there. Tack'd himſelf to the ſhrew relict of a Ruſſian merchant; and continued a ſpeculation with her, in furs, flax, pot-aſhes, tallow, linen, and leather. And, what's the conſequence? thirteen months ago, he broke.

Dob. Poor ſoul! his wife ſhould have follow'd the buſineſs for him.

Sir Rob. I fancy ſhe did follow it; for ſhe died juſt as it went to the devil. And, now, this madcap, Frederick, is ſent over to me for protection. Poor Job! now he's in diſtreſs, I muſtn't neglect his ſon.

FREDERICK *is heard, ſinging, without.*

Dob. Here comes his ſon—That's Mr. Frederick.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Ah, my dear uncle! good morning. Your park is nothing but beauty.

Sir Rob. Who bid you caper over my beauty? I told you to ſtay in doors, till I got up.

Fred. Eh? Egad ſo you did! I had as intirely forgot it, as ———

Sir Rob. And, pray, what made you forget it?

Fred. The ſun.

Sir Rob. The ſun! He's mad. You mean the moon, I believe.

Fred. Oh, my dear Sir, you don't know the effect of a fine Spring-morning upon a young fellow juſt arrived from Ruſſia. The day look'd bright; trees budding; birds ſinging; the park was gay; ſo, egad, I took a hop, ſtep, and a jump, out of your old balcony; made your deer fly before me like the wind; and chaſed them all round the park, to get an appetite, while you were ſnoring in bed, uncle.

Sir Rob. Ah! ſo, the effect of Engliſh ſun, upon a young Ruſſian, is to make him jump out of a balcony, and worry my deer.

Fred. I confeſs it had that influence upon me.

Sir Rob. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle; unleſs you think the ſun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

Fred. Sir, I hate fat legacies.

Sir Rob. Sir, that's mighty ſingular. They are pretty ſolid tokens of kindneſs, at leaſt.

Fred. Very melancholy tokens, uncle—They are the poſthumous deſpatches Affection ſends to Gratitude, to inform us we have loſt a generous friend.

Sir Rob. How charmingly the dog argues!

Fred. But, I own my ſpirits ran away with me, this morning. I will obey you better in future; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good ſort of old gentleman.

Sir Rob. Now, who had the familiar impudence to tell you that?

Fred. Old Ruſty, there.

Sir Rob. Why, Humphrey, you didn't?

Dob. Yes, but I did, tho'.

Fred. Yes, he did; and, on that ſcore I ſhall be anxious to ſhew you obedience: for, 'tis as meritorious to attempt ſharing in a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have deſigns upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breaſt high, uncle; a mean mind levels its dirty aſſiduities at the pocket.

Sir Rob. *(embracing him)* Jump out of every window I have in my houſe! Hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow! ay, damn it! this is ſpunk, and plain ſpeaking! Give me a man, who is always plumping his diſſent to my doctrines ſmack in my teeth.

Fred. I diſagree with you there, uncle.

Dob. So do I.

Fred. You! you forward puppy! If you were not ſo old, I'd knock you down.

Sir Rob. I'll knock you down, if you do. I

won't have my ſervants thump'd into dumb flattery. I won't let you teach 'em to make Silence a toad-eater.

Dob. Come, you're ruffled—Let's go to the buſineſs of the morning.

Sir Rob. Damn the buſineſs of the morning! Don't you ſee we are engaged in diſcuſſion? I hate the buſineſs of the morning.

Dob. No, you don't.

Sir Rob. And why not?

Dob. Becauſe 'tis Charity.

Sir Rob. Pſhaw! damn it—! well—we muſtn't neglect buſineſs—If there be any diſtreſſes in the pariſh, read the morning liſt, Humphrey.

Dob. (reading.) Jonathan Huggins, of Muck Mead, is put into priſon.

Sir Rob. Why, 'twas but laſt week Gripe, the attorney, recover'd two cottages for him, by law, worth ſixty pounds.

Dob. And charged a hundred and ten, for his trouble:—So, ſeized the cottages, for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan in jail, for the remainder.

Sir Rob. A harpy!—I muſt relieve the poor fellow's diſtreſs.

Fred. And I muſt kick his attorney.

Dob. The Curate's horſe is dead.

Sir Rob. Pſhaw! there's no diſtreſs in that.

Dob. Yes, there is—to a man who muſt go twenty miles, every Sunday, to preach three ſermons, for thirty pounds a year.

Sir Rob. Why won't Punmock, the vicar, give him another nag?

Dob. Becauſe 'tis cheaper to get another curate, ready mounted.

Sir Rob. What's the name of the black pad I purchaſed, laſt Tueſday, at Tunbridge?

Dob. Belzebub.

Sir Rob. Send Belzebub to the Curate, and tell him to work him, as long as he lives.

Foſs. Well?

Stephen. Why, I clapt the kitchen poker to un, red hot; and it all went, up wi' a deſperate compoſion, juſt as you deſtroy'd that outlandiſh buttery.

Foſs. Bleſs us, maſter Stephen! then you have ruin'd the town, in cold blood, and kill'd all the inhabitants.

Stephen. No; the inhabitants am lying in the ditch, as pert as daiſies—only the little pigs am ſinged quite bald, and the ould white ſow be as black as the devil.

Enter MARY.

Mary. Brother Stephen! Come here, brother Stephen. Feyther do vow vengeance again ye. If you do go on o' this faſhion, what will the neighbours call ye, Stephen?

Stephen. Call me? why, a perſpiring young hero, of five foot ſix inches, willing to mortalize himſelf, in the field of March.

WORTHINGTON *croſſes the ſtage, and goes into the houſe.*

Foſs. There—his honour is come home—I muſt go in for orders.

Mary. Oh, Mr. Corporal, Joe Shambles, the butcher's boy, ha' brought this from our town, for your maſter. (*Giving a letter.*)

Foſs. One letter. Is this all he left for us, my pretty maid?

Mary. No; he left a leg of mutton.

Foſs. Oh. (*Goes in.*)

Stephen. How ſtately Mr. Corporal do march, ſurely! he be as upright as our gander. Come, Mary! afore feyther do come home, lets you and I go waſh the gunpowder pigs.

Mary. How, Stephen?

Stephen. We'll go to the dairy, and chuck 'em into the milk-pails.

(*Voice without.*) Stephen!

Stephen.

Stephen. Wauns! there be ſeyther! Run, Mary, run! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Parlour, in* HARROWBY'S *Houſe.*

Enter WORTHINGTON *and the* CORPORAL.

Worth. Where are the ladies, Corporal?

Foſs. They are gone to take a walk, an' pleaſe your honour.

Worth. Oh.—*(ſitting down.)*—Mine has ſomewhat fatigued me.

Foſs. Under favour, I think your honour takes too much exerciſe—it always brings on the torment in your wound again.

Worth. You buſtle about for me, more than I could wiſh, Corporal. You got your wound in an ugly place, you know.

Foſs. I got it at Gibraltar; the ſame ugly place with your honour—That curſed ſhell ſtruck us both together.

Worth. I remember it did, Corporal. *(ſighing.)*

Foſs. And, when I lay on the ground, and your honour's left-arm was ſo terribly wounded, you ſtretch'd out your right, to help me.

Worth. I don't remember that, Corporal.

Foſs. (warmly.) Don't you? but I do—and I wiſh I may be damn'd if ever I forget it.

Worth. Well, well—do not let us ſwear about it, Corporal.

Foſs. I hate ſwearing, your honour, as much as our Chaplain loved brandy; but when a man's heart's too full, I fancy, ſomehow, there's an oath at the top on't; and when that pops out, he's eaſy. Ah! we had warm work that day, your honour!

Worth. We had, indeed, Corporal.

Foſs. There was Crillon's batteries, and four thouſand men behind us at land.

Worth. Moreno, with his Fleet, before us at ſea.

Foſs. At ten, in the morning, the Spaniſh Admiral began his cannonade.

Worth. Our battery from the King's baſtion open'd directly.

Foſs.

Foſs. Well?

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Worth. Our battery from the King's baſtion open'd directly.

Foſs.

Foſs. Red-hot ſhot poured from the garriſon.

Worth. Cannons roar!

Foſs. Mortars and howitzers!

Worth. The enemy's ſhipping in flames!

Foſs. Fire again!

Worth. They burn!

Foſs. They blow up!

Worth. They ſink!

Foſs. Victory! Old England for ever, your honour! Huzza!

Worth. Aye, Corporal; againſt the world in arms, Old England for ever!

Both. Huzza!

Foſs. (*after a pauſe, gravely.*) We have no limbs to help our country, now. We ſhall never fight for Old England again, your honour.

Worth. (*mournfully.*) No, Corporal; 'tis impoſſible!

Foſs. But our *hearts* are for our country ſtill. Tho' your honour has only half-pay, and I am but an out-penſioner of Chelſea.

Worth. We have no right to complain, Corporal. National bounty, beyond its limits, would be national waſte; and 'tis impoſſible to provide ſumptuouſly for all.

Foſs. That's true, your honour. Every hero, that loſes his life, in the field, muſt not expect a marvel monument.

Worth. 'Tis of little import, Corporal—A gallant Soldier's memory will flouriſh, though humble turf be oſier-bound upon his grave. The tears of his Country will moiſten it; and vigorous laurel ſprout among the cypreſs that ſhadows his remains. But 'tis a bitter thought, when we muſt depart, to leave, unprotected, the few who are joined with us, in the ties of affection, and the bonds of nature!

Foſs. Your honour is join'd in no bond with any body, but Mr. Burford, for five hundred pounds.

Worth. (*ſmiling.*) I did not mean that, Corporal. There, however, I am eaſy. My friend has ſtrict honour: and, ſhould he die, the regular inſurance of his life

life ſecures me from injury, in lending him my name. But 'tis ſtrange I have not heard from him.

Foſs. I had forgot—Here is a letter juſt brought for your honour. [*Gives it.*

Worth. Let me ſee—(*opening it.*) "Tunbridge" —'Tis written in the neighbouring town—who ſhould know me there? (*Reads.*)

"SIR,

"I am inſtructed by Mr. Ferret, ſolicitor of "London, to inform you, that Mr. Burford died "on the 26th ultimo, on his way to the Inſurance "office; whereby the Policy, which had expired the "day before, is become void, and the Bond, and "Warrant of attorney for 500*l.* remain in force "againſt you. If the money be not paid, forthwith, "I ſhall enter up judgment, inſtantly, for the reco-"very of the ſame."

My child! my child!

Foſs. Your honour!

Worth. Ruin'd paſt hope!

Foſs. (*ſtepping up to him,*) Don't ſay that, your honour; for, while your half-pay continues ——

Worth. My creditor will graſp all—My perſon ſeized, and my poor child deſtitute!

Foſs. Deſtitute! what, my young miſtreſs?—and you?—and ——— don't give way to grief, your honour. I am lame, to be ſure, but I am fit for labour ſtill—There's my little penſion, too, from Chelſea—Things may come about; and till they do, you and my young miſtreſs ſhall never know want, while the old Corporal has a limb left to work, or a penny in his pocket.

Worth. Corporal, I ——

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Yes, this is he! Zounds! I am quite out of breath—Sir, I am come to—Whew! I beg pardon—but, as you perceive, I am deviliſhly blown.

Worth.

Worth. Leave us, Corporal. [*Exit* Foss.
At your leiſure, Sir, I ſhall be glad to know whom I have the honour of addreſſing.

Fred. I am Frederick Bramble, Sir. My uncle, Sir Robert Bramble, lives at the foot of this infernal hill. He fix'd his houſe there, I fancy, for the ſake of argument; becauſe moſt men maintain it is bad to build in a bottom. He is as charitable as a Chriſtian, Sir, and as rich as a Jew.

Worth. I give you joy of a relation, Sir, who has ſo much virtue, with ſo much wealth. When Fortune enriches the benevolent, the Goddeſs removes the bandage from her brow, that ſhe may beſtow a gift with her eyes open. But as I am a ſtranger here, and a recluſe, I have no right to enter further into your uncle's character.

Fred. Yet he has juſt now, Sir, taken a right to enter into yours.

Worth. May he not rather have taken a liberty, Sir?

Fred. 'Tis his duty to be the moſt inquiſitive fellow in the neighbourhood.

Worth. 'Tis a ſtrange duty for a gentleman!

Fred. I hope not, in this country, Sir. If a gentleman be in the commiſſion of the peace, and living on his own eſtate, he ſhould be anxious, I think, to inquire into the conduct of thoſe around him, that he may diſtribute juſtice as a magiſtrate, and kindneſs as a man.

Worth. But how can your uncle's principle apply to me, Sir? A ſecluded ſojourner, with a quiet family, lodging with one of his tenants?

Fred. Why, he has heard of the —— hem! —— that is, I mean —— the —— peculiarity of your ſituation ————

Worth. (*haughtily.*) Sir!

Fred. I ſhall make a bungling buſineſs of this, after all! (*aſide.*)—I ſay, Sir, that my uncle, as I told you, is a warm old heart, who buſies himſelf in learning the circumſtances of every body about him, and ————

Worth.

Worth. The circumſtances!

Fred. Yes; and ſo Humphrey Dobbins,—a ſtupid old ſervant,—among other intelligence this morning, happened to—to mention you, and—— damn it, Sir, the truth's the truth:—I ran here to prevent my uncle's offering his aſſiſtance too bluntly, and I fear I have done it too bluntly, myſelf.

Worth. It wou'd be abſurd, Sir, to affect blindneſs to the motives of your viſit—I ſee them clearly, and thank you cordially. You have touch'd the heart of a veteran ſoldier; but go no further; if you proceed, you will wound the dignity of a gentleman.

Fred. I came here to heal wounds; by my ſoul I did! 'Tis not in my nature to inflict them. I am new in England; ignorant of the manners of the country—for I arrived here, laſt night, from Ruſſia, where I was born; but ſurely, ſurely, it cannot be offenſive, in any part of the globe, to tell the afflicted we feel for them. Pray, give me your hand!

Worth. Take it, Sir, take it. Receive the graſp of gratitude, and be gone.

Fred. Not till you firſt permit me to——

Worth. I can accept no favours, of the nature you offer, where I have no claim: and what claim, young man, can I have upon your attentions?

Fred. The claim each man has, in common, upon his fellow. We are all paſſengers on life's highway; and when a traveller ſticks in the mire, on the road, the next that comes by is a brute who doesn't ſtretch out a hand, to extricate him.

Worth. That may hold in the courteſies of life; but I do not admit it as an argument in eſſentials.

Fred. Then, I wiſh my uncle were here, with all my heart, Sir; he'd argue this point with you, or any other, to all eternity.

Worth. I want no arguments upon points of honour.

honour. Honour, the offspring of honesty, dictates for itself.

Fred. Sir, I respect it, for its parent's sake; tho' the child is a little maddish: for Honour is, sometimes, cutting throats, where Honesty would be shaking hands. But let me intreat you to relax—to be persuaded. Come, my dear Sir! true honour, I trust, can never have reason to blush, because honesty is assisted.

Worth. (after a pause.) You have burst upon me at a critical, a trying moment. I have a family; a beloved child, from whom I may be shortly torn, without the means of —— No matter. Even the griefs that, inwardly, wring me, would not force me to unbend, were there not a native ingenuousness in your manner, which wins me. To you, then, to a youthful stranger, whose sympathy comes o'er a rugged soldier's nature, as pictured Love bestrides the lion, to you I will owe a temporary obligation.

Fred. Will you? Then, you have made me the happiest dog that—*(feeling his pockets.)* Eh? —no—zounds—! I mean, Sir, you have made me look like the silliest dog in the world!

Worth. What do you mean?

Fred. In my haste to do service, I never, once recollected I wanted the means. My heart was so full, that I quite forgot my pockets were empty.

Worth. I cannot think, young man, you came here to insult me.

Fred. Insult! Oh, my dear Sir, you do not know me! You may soon. I have left a father, in embarrassments, in Russia. I have landed here, dependant on an uncle's bounty; and paid my last shilling, yesterday, to the coachman, who set me down at his gate; but my relation is as generous as a prince! he will, I am sure, give me a supply; and then——

Worth. And, then, I would not, for worlds, draw upon

upon your little ſtore. You have a ſuperior call, it ſeems, upon you; a parent in diſtreſs.

Fred. My father's involvements, no doubt, will be his brother's care; and if ———

Worth. No more, no more! I ſee the workings of your heart. Farewell! You have ſenſibly affected me, and I muſt leave you. Repine not that your will to do good actions outruns your power. Had the widow been without her mite, and ſimply dropt a tear for Poverty, on the moiſt ſhrine of Compaſſion, it would have ſecured to her a page in Heaven's regiſter. [*Exit.*

Fred. Now, this is all very pretty rhodomontade; and I'll go, directly, and argue that it is ſo, with my uncle, for the good of this bluff veteran. A widow, weeping for diſtreſs, may water the road, pleaſantly enough, for herſelf, to Paradiſe;—but if ſhe could ſhed peck-loaves, inſtead of tears, it would be twenty times better for the poor's box. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Wood, ſkirting a Village*

Enter Sir CHARLES CROPLAND *and* OLLAPOD.

Sir CHARLES.

I'M as chilly as a bottle of Port, in a hard froſt—This is your Engliſh Spring; that our ſhivering poets celebrate by a fire-ſide, if they can get one, and ſing of baſking ſhepherds, making love in the ſun.—I'm as amorous as an Arcadian, but it's curſed cold, in Kent, for all that. Are you ſure theſe women will come, Ollapod?

Olla. Sure as death, as I tell my patients.

Sir Cha. They find that, ſure enough.

Olla. He! he! Yes, Sir Charles; I never deceive them—Call'd in, laſt week, to Captain Cuſtard, of our Corps, who was ſhovell'd off by a ſurfeit. "Deareſt friend," ſays I, looking in his fat face, "be firm"—Candour compels me to ſay, now I'm come, you can't live:" he didn't.—"You ſhall be buried with military honours"—he was. Attended him from beginning to end—doctor and mourner—Bed and grave—Phyſick'd him firſt, ſhot over him afterwards. Poor fellow! a good officer, an excellent paſtry-cook, a prodigious eater, and a profitable patient!

Sir Cha. Damn Captain Cuſtard! I am thinking of a fine girl, and you are panegyriſing a dead paſtry-cook. Theſe women will diſappoint us, at laſt.

Olla. Then there's no honour in the honourable Miſs MacTab.

Sir Cha. You didn't ſee Emily?

Olla. No.

Sir Cha. Pſhaw! all is uncertainty. I ſhall loſe the golden fruit, at laſt.

Olla. Damn'd hard, after I've given the dragon a doſe—Do you take, good Sir? do you take?

Sir

Sir Cha. I wiſh the dragon had wings, then, to move a little faſter. This ſharp north-eaſterly wind will prevent their walking.

Olla. I hope not, Sir Charles;—for they'll get a curſed cold, and want an apothecary. (*Aſide.*)

Sir Cha. Stay.—I think I ſee a petticoat.

Olla. Mark! 'tis an old bird—The honourable Miſs MacTab, in a jog-trot.

Sir Cha. And Emily with her, by all that's beautiful!

Olla. Yes, that's ſhe—As fine a woman as ever ſmelt ſal-volatile. There's the game, Sir Charles. You've nothing to do but to kill.

Sir Cha. Step aſide, or our meeting will be too abrupt. We muſt kill by rule here, Ollapod.

Olla. Kill by rule? With all my heart! 'Tis a method I've long been uſed to. [*They retire.*

Enter Miſs LUCRETIA MACTAB, *and* EMILY WORTHINGTON.

Luc. Cold? ridiculous! Females of faſhion, Miſs Emily, never complain of the cold, now.

Emily. I didn't know it was the faſhion to be inſenſible, grand-aunt.

Luc. To the ſeaſons it is. An Engliſh gentlewoman, of the year eighteen hundred, emulates an Engliſh oak; which is hardy as well as elegant; and beautiful, but bare, in the depth of December.

Emily. Dear! that's a charming park yonder! Who can it belong to?

Luc. Sir Charles Cropland.

Emily. Sir Charles Cropland! Pray, let us get home again!

Luc. Does a fine country frighten you, Miſs Emily?

Emily. It uſed, in Canada.

Luc. For what reaſon, pray?

Emily. Becauſe a brute, ſometimes, inhabits it.

Luc. Ridiculous! Should we happen to meet Sir Charles, I beg that———

Emily. What, is he here, then?

Luc. So Mr. Ollapod informs me.

Emily. And who is he?

Luc. The apothe——— Hem! the officer who viſited the family, this morning.

Emily. We will have no more walks, without my father, madam.

Luc. Oh, as you pleaſe; but —— Eh! I declare here they both come—'Tis impoſſible to avoid them now.

Emily. Bleſs me!—This is very ſtrange!

[Sir CHARLES CROPLAND *and* OLLAPOD *appear at the back of the ſcene.*

Sir Cha. Engage the old Tabby in talk; and move off with her, if you can.

Olla. Mum!—I'll bother her.

[*They come forward.*

Sir Cha. Ladies, I am rejoiced to ſee you. To meet you in this part of the world, is, indeed, an unexpected pleaſure.

Luc. We are come here, you ſee, to ruſticate, Sir Charles, as my poor dear brother, Lord Lofty, uſed to ſay.—Been vegetating here, for a week, at a wretched farm-houſe; but air is the grand article with me.

Sir Cha. At your dinner it is, I'll be ſworn. (*aſide.*) And what is your grand object, in the country, Miſs Worthington?

Emily. To be alone, Sir.

Sir Cha. Umph! a ſtrange propenſity, permit me to ſay, for one ſo young, and ſo beautiful.

Emily. I learn'd it from my father, Sir; we neither of us like intruders.

Olla. That's a damn'd dowſe in the blubber-chops of my friend, the baronet.—I muſt talk to the old one—Hem! rural walks here, Ma'am—All green, and twiſting, like a ſnake in a bottle of ſpirits.—Wood-pigeons in plenty.—Hear 'em cooing? Pop 'em down, here, by dozens.

[Sir CHARLES *talks apart to* EMILY.

Luc. They are pleaſing birds enough, in a grove, Sir.

Olla. And pretty picking in a pye, Ma'am. (*looking towards Sir* CHARLES *and* EMILY.) Yes —he's beginning—Muſt have Miſs MacTab off ſoon. (*Aſide.*) Fond of views, Ma'am? Hill, dale, ſteeples, rivers, tufts of trees, and the like?

Luc. I admire a rich landſcape, Sir. When my brother, the Baron, was planting clumps round Ricketty Caſtle, I uſed to ſay he was placing beauty-ſpots on the face of nature.

Olla. Did you? Come, that was very well, very well, indeed! Thank you, good Madam—I owe you one. Pretty ſporting country to the right. (*She turns towards Sir* CHARLES *and* EMILY. *He pulls her by the elbow.*) That's to the left, Ma'am.

Luc. Bleſs me! this is a very rude man! Do you know, Sir Charles, that Emily has loſt your beautiful little preſent?

Sir Cha. What, the terrier puppy, from Leiceſterſhire?

Luc. Gone—though he was in the apartment, when you laſt did us the honour of a call.

Sir Cha. Unkind to ſet ſo little ſtore by my preſent, Miſs Worthington! and when did you obſerve the puppy was gone?

Emily. The very moment you left the room, Sir.

Olla. Humph! that's another dowſe for the baronet! I muſt get the old woman away! (*pulls her by the elbow.*) Ma'am—!

Luc. Lord, Sir! (*frumpiſhly.*)

Olla. Condeſcend to caſt your eye over that hillock—the little lump to the left there—round and black, like a Bolus. From that point, you ſee three capital counties at once.

Luc. I can't ſay that I perceive ——

Olla. Stay—here's Kent—Fertile in pheaſants, cherries, hops, yeomen, codlings, and cricketters—On one ſide, Suſſex ——

Luc. In what beauties does that abound, Sir?

Olla. Mutton and dumplings.—And there's Surrey—Sweet Surrey!

Luc. For what may that be famous?

Olla. Nothing that I know of, except my couſin, Cruſhjaws of Carſhalton, who tugs out a ſtump with perfect pleaſure to the patient.

[*During the above,* LUCRETIA *is continually endeavouring to turn towards Sir* CHARLES, *and* EMILY; *and* OLLAPOD, *conſtantly, prevents her.*

Luc. I proteſt I ſee nothing before me, but a barn.

Olla. That's reckon'd the only eye-ſore in the view; for it totally blocks out the proſpect—Fifty yards further we may ſee all—A little ſwampy here, to be ſure—Better for ſnipe ſhooting. Permit me to touch the tip of your honourable little finger, and paſs you over the puddles.

Luc. Bleſs me! I can never get over that ſtile!

Olla. A little gummy in the legs, I ſuppoſe. *(Aſide.)* Its the eaſieſt in England, upon the honour of a Cornet—If an ankle's expoſed, I'll forfeit all the phyſick in my ſhop. This way. *(taking her hand.)* Step out there, Ma'am. Curſe 'em! the cows have been here. This way!

[*Exit, hurrying off Miſs* LUCRETIA.

Emily. Gone! Permit me to follow my relation, Sir.

Sir Cha. Stay, my dear Miſs Worthington; I have ſomething of the utmoſt conſequence to ſay to you.

Emily. Speak it quickly, then, Sir.

Sir Cha. Your father does not abound in riches, I take it.

Emily. That is of no conſequence to me, Sir, if he can be happy.

Sir Cha. Now, I am very rich, as men of faſhion go—for, my eſtate is not yet dipp'd above three parts of its value.

Emily,

Emily. That can be of no conſequence to me at all, Sir.

Sir Cha. Pardon me—for I have to propoſe to you——

Emily. What, Sir?

Sir Cha. Your own houſe in town, the run of my eſtate in the country, your own chariot, two footmen, and ſix hundred a-year—But you muſt allow me a little time to myſelf—A little play at Miles's—a little ſport at Newmarket—a little hunting in Leiceſterſhire; and, this apart, you'll find me the moſt domeſtick man in the world.

Emily. I fancy I comprehend the nature of your jargon, Sir.

Sir Cha. Jargon! It is a language perfectly underſtood, by all us young fellows, in the circle of St. James's. 'Tis the way of the world, my dear little Simplicity!

Emily. Oh! how baſe muſt be the world, then, when it makes ſimplicity its victim! I have been bred in wilds; but the ſweet breath of Nature has inſpired my ſoul with reaſon; common to every human boſom, as the wintry blaſts, that roar'd above me, on the mountains. What does that reaſon tell me, Sir?—That vice is vice, however Society may poliſh it; that ſeduction is ſtill ſeduction, however Faſhion may ſanction it; that intellect, ſpeaking through ſimplicity, like mine, has the force of virtue to ſtrengthen it; while worldly ſophiſtry muſt ſhrink from native Truth, when it proclaims, that he, who could break a father's heart, by heaping ſplendid infamy upon his child, is a villain.——Let me paſs you, Sir!

Enter FREDERICK *at the back of the ſcene.*

Fred. I have loſt my way, and my uncle, and—eh! who have we here?

Sir Cha. (detaining Emily) Upon my ſoul, you muſt not go.

Emily. How, Sir?

Sir Cha. Look ye, my dear Emily—I am advanced too far in the game to recede. If you are not mine by intreaty, there are four ſpanking greys, ready harneſſ'd, in Cropland Park, here, that ſhall whiſk us to town in a minute.

Emily. You dare not, ſure———

Sir Cha. Nay, faith, I dare any thing now—for, the prize is in my reach, and I will claſp it, though your heart were colder to me than the ſnows of Ruſſia. *(He runs towards her, ſhe ſcreams—Frederick advances.)*

Fred. (ſtanding between Sir Charles and Emily.) I bring news from that country, Sir—I arrived laſt night.

Sir Cha. Then, Sir, you arrived damn'd *mal à pros.* What are you?

Fred. A man—ſo, I am bound to protect females from brutality. You, it ſeems, aſſault them. Pray, Sir, what are *you?*

Sir Cha. A perſon of ſome figure here, Sir. You may not know, perhaps, the conſequence of inſulting one of that deſcription, in this country.

Fred. Faith, not I: but I know the conſequence of his perſiſting to perſecute a woman, in my preſence.

Sir Cha. What may that be?

Fred. I knock him down.

Sir Cha. You will pleaſe to recollect, Sir, I am a gentleman.

Fred. I can't for the ſoul of me—I can never recollect that any man is a gentleman, when I find him forgetting it himſelf.

Sir Cha. Can you fight, Sir?

Fred. Like a game cock, Sir—try me.

Sir Cha. What is your weapon, Sir?

Fred. The Knout.

Sir Cha. What the devil's that?

Fred. A Ruſſian cat-o'-nine-tails, to chaſtiſe a criminal; and I know no criminal who more richly deſerves

deſerves it than he who degrades manhood, by offering violence to the amiable ſex, which nature form'd him to defend. Fear nothing, madam.

Sir Cha. We muſt meet again, my hot ſpark.

Fred. I'm happy to hear it—It implies you are going now.

Sir Cha. Hark ye, Sir—I am call'd Sir Charles Cropland. Yonder is my park.

Fred. With four ſpanking greys in it. I heard you ſay ſo.

Sir Cha. There is very retired ſhooting, in ſome parts of it, Sir—Your name.

Fred. Frederick Bramble;—nephew to your neighbour, Sir Robert. You'll find me ready to take a morning's ſport with you.

Sir Cha. You ſhall hear from me. This is a curſed buſineſs!—but it will keep up the noiſe of my name at the Clubs; and the duel of a daſhing Baronet furniſhes food for the newſpapers. [*Exit.*

Fred. Victory, madam! The enemy is fled, and virtue triumphs in the field. Ha! you look pale!

Emily. I have been ſadly flurried. (*Much agitated.*)

Fred. 'Sdeath! ſhe is near fainting!—Let me ſupport you, madam. (*She appears ſinking, he catches her.*) Zouns! how beautiful ſhe is! Tears! now would I give the world to kiſs them off, and then kick the ſcoundrel that cauſed them.

Emily. (*recovering.*) I know not how to thank you, Sir.

Fred. I'm glad of it, ma'am—I never like to be thank'd for merely doing my duty.

Emily. I fear, Sir, that——I mean, I hope that ——I—I hope, Sir, you will not be expoſed to further danger, on my account.

Fred. I am not uſed to think of danger, madam, on any account; but, ſomething tells me, I ſhou'd glory in any that I riſk'd for you. Whither ſhall I have the honour of attending you ſafe home, madam?

Emily.

Emily. I have a relation, Sir—a female relation, who has been walking with me: she is now, I fancy, in the next field, and she will——

Fred. What, an elderly lady, that I observed, just now, as I pass'd, with an officer?

Emily. Aye—that officer!

Fred. Who is he pray?

Emily. A wicked accessary, I am convinced, of Sir Charles Cropland's!

Fred. Is he? I see him coming—huzza! I'll blow him to the devil, if he were generalissimo.

Emily. For heaven's sake! you make me tremble.

Fred. Tremble! I woudn't give *you* pain for worlds! I'll be calm with him—On your account I will. I'll affront him with all the civility imaginable.

Enter OLLAPOD, *hastily.*

Olla. The honourable Miss MacTab has tumbled up to her middle in the mud. Bless me, is Sir Charles gone?

Fred. You are Sir Charles's friend, it seems, Sir?

Olla. I have the honour to be close in his confidence.

Fred. And assist him upon honorable occasions. You are an officer, I perceive.

Olla. He! he! yes, Sir—Cornet in our volunteer Corps of Cavalry; as respectable a body as any regulars in christendom.

Fred. I don't doubt it at all. To stand forward at home, and keep off invaders from the shores of our country, is as honourable, and praise-worthy, as marching to attack its enemies abroad. Pray, don't be alarm'd—you see I'm civil. (*Aside to Emily.*)

Olla. A pretty spoken young man—I'll encourage him. Come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good Sir—I owe you one.

Fred. But some morbid parts may be found, I fancy, in the wholesomest bodies.

Olla. Decidedly.—Like a chubby child, in high health, with a whitlow.

Fred. Juſt ſuch a whitlow I take you to be.

Olla. Me!

Fred. Exactly: and 'tis that uniform alone—as I reſpect every ſymbol of loyalty and patriotiſm,—that prevents my cropping your ears, as cloſe as your jacket. Don't be uneaſy, you ſee I'm civil.

[*To* EMILY.

Olla. Crop! Zounds! what do you mean?

Fred. Can't you take my meaning, in your own way?

Olla. Way! Sir, I engage to kill the enemies of my country, in the way of war,—I never draw blood from the natives, but in the way of buſineſs.

Fred. Buſineſs!

Olla. Yes; I'm an apothecary—Take care how you meddle with a man of my repute. Served my time, ſeven years, under old Cataplaſm, of Canterbury;—took out my freedom in that ancient city;—thump'd the mortar, ſix months, at Maidſtone;—now, on my own bottom, in trade, at Tunbridge. Cornet Ollapod, at the gilt Galen's-head; known to all the nobility round—Sharp ſhot in a copſe—deep dab at the broad ſword exerciſe—Charge a furze-buſh, wing a wood-cock, or bliſter a lord, with any chap in the county. Inſult me, as an officer, and I'll proſecute you—Touch my ears, you touch my honour, and, dam'me, I'll clap you in the county jail, for aſſaulting a freeman. [*Exit.*

Fred. That ſcarlet apothecary is beneath my notice: but if the fellow has flurried your nerves, Madam, which it is his trade to tranquillize, I'll pound him to death, in his own mortar.

Emily. Pray, do not be ſo violent:—It terrifies me—On your own account, Sir, it terrifies me.

Fred. On my own account?

Emily. Yes. It would grieve me to ſee one, who is capable of ſuch kind actions towards me, hurried into peril, by the warmth of his temper.

Fred.

Fred. I will be what you pleaſe. Tell me only whither I ſhall lead you. You are of the neighbourhood, I conjecture. May I aſk your name?

Emily. Emily Worthington, Sir.

Fred. Worthington! then you are daughter to the fineſt ſpirited man I ever met in my life.

Emily. Do you think ſo? Do you, indeed! I am very glad that *you* think ſo. But how came you acquainted?

Fred. Why, I —— I had a little buſineſs with him;—but, ſomehow or other, I —— I went without my credentials. Shall I take you to him? Will you truſt yourſelf with me?

Emily. Truſt myſelf! Oh yes! My dear father ſhall thank you. I will thank you; and our poor old Corporal, who has ſerved in the wars, and follow'd us through America, he will thank you, in tears of joy, when he hears of this reſcue.

Fred. That old Corporal loves you then?

Emily. Certainly he does. He nurſed me when my poor mother died, and left me an infant in Gibraltar; and dearly I love him, too.

Fred. Now, what would I give to be an old corporal! (*aſide*) I attend you—Let me ſee you home. Oh! how would it diminiſh the number of ſcoundrels in the world, if they could once taſte the joy of reſcuing a lovely female from perdition, and reſtoring her to her father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* HARROWBY'*s houſe.*

Enter WORTHINGTON, *from the houſe.*

Worth. Emily not yet return'd—I cannot reſt in this ſuſpence—Every inſtant, I dread the arrival of theſe officers, to drag me from my family, from my child!—Ha! two ſtrangers lurking yonder! Nay, then, I know their errand—Where is my Emily? Well, well, 'tis better, in ſuch a ſtruggle, if the child witneſs not the anguiſh of the parent. (*Goes up the ſtage.*)

Enter

Enter Sir ROBERT BRAMBLE *and* HUMPHREY DOBBINS.

Sir Rob. So—here we are at laſt—That hill's a breather. I am ſure that was my nephew I ſaw, hopping over the plough'd land, yonder.

Dob. Not a morſel like him.

Sir Rob. I wonder if the rogue has found his way here yet. Ha—There's our man,—leaning againſt the ſtump of the tree, there. He ſeems loſt in thought—Go, and tap him on the ſhoulder, Humphrey.

Dob. (*putting his hand on* WORTHINGTON'S *ſhoulder.*) You're wanted.

Worth. (*coming forward.*) I underſtand you.

Sir Rob. Your ſervant, Sir—Your name is Worthington, they tell me.

Worth. It is, friend.

Sir Rob. I have a little buſineſs with you; and it isn't my way to uſe ceremony.

Worth. I expect none, from a perſon of your ſtamp.

Sir Rob. Stamp!—Humphrey, isn't that odd?

Dob. Not a bit.—The neighbours tell every body what a rum jockey you are.

Sir Rob. Umph! you'll excuſe me for talking before old Crabbed here—He's in all my affairs—The puppy has grown grey with me, and I can't well do without him.

Worth. Your follower, I ſuppoſe.

Sir Rob. Yes, he's always at my heels. You have ſerved his Majeſty, I hear, and done your duty nobly.

Worth. No matter.—Do *your* duty, and 'tis enough.

Sir Rob. Yes, he's as proud as Lucifer, I ſee—but there's no flattery in that. (*Aſide.*) The motives that brought me here, will prove, I truſt, that I don't always neglect my duty.

Worth. You may perform it now, then—If my

life

life depended on it, friend, I could not give you five pounds, at this moment.

Sir Rob. Give me five pounds! Who the devil wiſhes you? I want to know how I can do you a kindneſs.

Worth. I thank you.—In conſideration, then, for a gentleman, and in reliance on his honour to acknowledge the obligation, when in his power, I truſt you will place me in an apartment in your own houſe.

Sir Rob. An apartment in my own houſe!

Worth. Yes—where I may have the comfort of privacy, and my family about me.

Sir Rob. Damn me, but that is pretty plump, for a man who would ſooner ſee me hang'd than aſk me a favour! *(Aſide.)*

Worth. You will not, I think, be harſh enough to lodge me among the wretched rabble, who are the common inmates of your gloomy walls.

Sir Rob. My gloomy walls! an infernal, impudent old ſcoundrel! Squeezes himſelf, and all his relations, into my houſe, and calls my family a wretched rabble. *(Aſide.)* Humphrey, did you ever ſee ſuch braſs?

Dob. I always told you, except myſelf, you kept but a queer ſet.

Sir Rob. Zounds, I'll——No, I'll keep my temper. Pray, Sir, what can you ſuppoſe I am to make of you?

Worth. Make of me!—Theſe mercenary harpies! I have already told you, friend, you can make nothing of me, in my preſent ſituation—What you think you may make of me, in future, as a man of honour, I leave to your own feelings.

Sir Rob. I won't conſult my own feelings now, Sir;—I muſt proceed upon my judgment.

Worth. I know you are proceeding upon a Judgment.

Sir Rob. And that judgment is curſedly againſt you, at this moment, let me tell you.

Worth.

Worth. 'Tis my misfortune.

Sir Rob. If you think that a misfortune, you might as well alter your conduct with me a little. I don't see the drift on't.

Worth. Drift!

Sir Rob. Aye; where's the policy?

Worth. That expired but a few hours too soon.

Sir Rob. His policy expired but a few hours too soon! Why, the man's a maniac! His distresses have deranged him. Were you—hem—were you ever wounded in the head?

Worth. Truce with interrogations, friend. I am ready to accompany you.

Sir Rob. You are! And, pray, where are we to go?

Worth. I told you I should give your own house the preference.

Sir Rob. Curse me if you ever shall set your foot over my threshold!

Worth. Lead me where you please, then. You profer'd kindness, and I was weak enough to expect it. But I might have known that one of your cast is deaf to the petition of distress.

Sir Rob. The devil I am!

Worth. Familiar with scenes of want, habit hardens your heart, till the very face becomes an index of the mind; and callous inhumanity scowls in every lineament of the hard-featured bailiff.

Sir Rob. Blood and thunder! Bailiff! Humphrey, do I look a bit like a bailiff?

Dob. I don't know but you do.

Sir Rob. Sir—I—pardon your mistake, and I like your spirit—There no flattery in it. But I'm in a passion for all that. Many a modern Sir Jacky looks like a prize-fighter; but its rather hard to take a baronet of the old school for a bum-bailiff.

Worth. My daughter!

Sir Rob. And my sky-rocket of a nephew!

Enter

Enter FREDERICK *and* EMILY.

Fred. Ha! you are here at laſt, I perceive, uncle.

Worth. Uncle! Is this Sir Robert Bramble, then? the generous relation, of whom you told me?

Sir Rob. Generous! Pſha! But I am his uncle; —though the puppy's ſmart enough, he is nephew to the hard-featured fellow, whoſe face is an index of his mind.

Emily. Oh, Sir, if you are his relation, talk to him, I intreat you—argue with him— —

Sir Rob. Argue with him! that I will, with all my heart and ſoul! On what ſubject?

Emily. On his raſh intention, Sir, to meet the ruffian from whom he has juſt reſcued me.

Worth. Reſcued you, Emily! What does this mean?

Fred. Oh—a mere trifle—nothing—A gentleman, in the fields, here, happen'd to be ſo very civil to Miſs Worthington, that I took it for rudeneſs—ſo, I happen'd to be ſo rude to him, that he cou'd'nt take it for civility, that's all.

Worth. Rudeneſs to my child! Who has dared to—But, come in, Emily—Your pardon, Sir, *(to Sir Robert.)* You have found nothing but confuſion here, and I muſt retire with my daughter, for an explanation. Come, Emily.

Emily. Let us thank this gentleman, before we go, Sir.

Fred. Upon my ſoul, I deſerve no thanks, Sir. If I deſerve any thing, Miſs Worthington's good opinion more than repays me.

Worth. To you, Sir Robert, I owe ſome apologies, for———

Sir Rob. I hate apologies, Sir—they look like flattery——'Twas a miſtake——Will you, and your family, dine with me to-day?

Worth. If poſſible, we will attend you; but my time, now, depends upon contingencies. Come, Emily.

Emily

Emily (to Fred.) Farewell, Sir!—And, pray, pray be cautious.

[*Exeunt* WORTHINGTON *and* EMILY.

Sir Rob. Frederick,—who is the fellow you have been quarrelling with?

Fred. He calls himself Sir Charles Cropland.

Sir Rob. I know him.—He's a puppy—must you fight him?

Fred. So he tells me.

Sir Rob. I'll be your second.

Fred. You!

Sir Rob. Yes— ; fighting's a sort of sharp argument; and, as we defend the cause of insulted innocence, it's damn'd hard if we haven't the best on't. But hark ye, you dog—don't fall in love with the girl.

Fred. I have—

Sir Rob. You hav'n't!

Fred. Over head and ears.

Sir Rob. Why, you blockhead, she's a beggar.

Fred. So am I—We shall make a very pretty couple.

Sir Rob. And, if you married, how would you support her?

Fred. Perhaps, you wou'd support us.

Sir Rob. You sha'n't have a shilling, till my death.

Fred. Then I hope we shall have the pleasure of starving together, a great while, Sir.

Sir Rob. Run back, and order a dinner for a party. Tell old Buncles, the butler, to lug out some claret.

Fred. Then, after dinner, I'll drink Emily Worthington in a pint bumper. [*Exit.*

Sir Rob. Humphrey, you haven't attended, now, to a word of what was passing.

Dob. Every syllable on't.

Sir Rob. You'll laugh to see me out in a duel, I suppose.

Dob. No, I sha'n't—I'd sooner be shot at myself.

Sir Rob. Umph! If my nephew marries this girl, I've a great mind to cut him off with a ſhilling.

Dob. No you won't.

Sir Rob. Why, you know he's as poor as a rat.

Dob. The rat's your relation—It wou'd be plaguy hard to ſtarve him, when you feed all the reſt of the rats, in the pariſh.

Sir Rob. Come along, Humphrey—And if ever you ſtarve, rank bacon, and mouldy pye-cruſt, be my portion! [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Wood, and a Path Way.*

Enter OLLAPOD.

AN aukward errand I'm on, to Sir Robert Bramble's. Not quite correct to carry a challenge into a family I've phyſick'd. But honour, in this caſe, before medicine: a leaf of laurel's worth twenty drops of laudanum. Mars is firſt cuſtomer, and damn Æſculapius! Ha! here comes the enemy, up hill, from the houſe! The game meets me half way, as Death does the doctor. *(ſteps aſide.)*

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. "A pointed pain pierced deep my heart."
"A ſwift cold trembling ſeized on every part."

Olla. That's an ague.

Fred. "But quickly to my coſt I found,"
"'Twas love, not death, had made the wound."

Olla. Damn that diſeaſe! it's cured without an apothecary.

Fred. I've order'd dinner for my old uncle; and now, can't I, for my life, help loitering about the farm-houſe. What mind ſhe has in every look! I would rather be a whale, and flounce about the Baltick, than fall in love with a fine proportion'd face of beautiful inſipidity—'Tis a lamp without oil—Heaven in a fog—Give me thoſe dear bewitching features, where ſweet expreſſion always ſpeaks, and ſometimes ſparkles. Give me a dimpled beauty that ——— Zouns! here's that damn'd ugly apothecary! Pray, Sir, do you know what are ſome men's antipathies?

Olla. Yes; cats, rats, old maids, double-tripe, ſpiders, cheſhire cheeſe, and cork-cutters.

Fred. Now, my antipathy, Sir, is a pert apothecary. How dare you look me again in the face, without trembling?

Olla. Trembling! at what?

Fred. Death!

Olla. Pooh! I've made it my buſineſs to look Death in the face for fifteen years, and don't tremble at it at all.

Fred. Why do you preſume, Sir, to come acroſs me here?

Olla. Here! this is the King's highway—trod on as common as camomile—crowded with all comers, like the Red Cow on a field day. Beſides, I've buſineſs at Blackberry Hall.

Fred. At my uncle's?

Olla. Yes; I've ſomething in my pocket to deliver there. You may gueſs what it is.

Fred. Lip-ſalve for the maid, perhaps; or roſe-water, to put into puddings.

Olla. Damn lips, and puddings! I've a letter for you.

Fred. You have!

Olla. Yes; to be taken directly. (*gives it.*) Eh? isn't that Sir Robert Bramble?

Enter Sir Robert Bramble.

Sir Rob. I've ſprained my back, trying to friſk over that infernal farmer's hog-trough. If Humphrey hadn't argued I was too ſtiff in the joints to jump, I'd have ſeen the dog at the devil before I attempted it. Ha—Mr. Ollapod—Your ſervant—Your ſervant—Tell me what brings you this way?

Olla. I'll ſee you in a fever firſt. (*aſide.*) Dry weather for walking, Sir Robert—but no news.—Young partridges look'd for every day—ſo are ſix Hamburgh mails—Glad to find our gout is gone, Sir Robert—Happy to meet you again on a good footing. Do you take, good Sir? do you take?

Sir Rob. I take your jokes, as I do your bottles of phyſick, Maſter Ollapod.

Olla. How is that, Sir Robert?

Sir Rob. I never take them at all.

Olla. Come, that's very well, very well, indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one.

Sir Rob. *(ſeeing Frederick)* Frederick! what are you doing here?

Fred. Reading a challenge, uncle.

Sir Rob. So!—'tis come then.—Who brought it?

Fred. Peſtle and mortar there. Read, uncle, read!

Sir Rob. *(reading.)*

"Sir,

"Mr. Ollapod, of the Volunteer Corps, will deli-
"ver this to you. You will find me, half an hour
"hence, at the plantation on the heath, waiting to
"receive the ſatisfaction due to

"Your humble ſervant,

"CHARLES CROPLAND."

Plain as a demonſtration in Euclid.—*(turns to* OLLAPOD.*)* But how dare you, who have bled my coachman, till he can't drive, and julep'd my cook, till ſhe faints at a fire, adminiſter a challenge to my nephew?

Olla. Honour is rigid, Sir Robert, and muſt be minded as ſtrictly as a milk diet.

Sir Rob. You come here, in ſhort, as Sir Charles Cropland's friend?

Olla. I do. Gallipots muſt give way to gallant feelings,—and Galen is gagg'd by Bellona. Sorry to offend the Bramble Family. Shall bring lint, probe, and ſtyptick, along with the piſtols. Though ſerving as ſecond, on one ſide, ſhall be proud to extract a ball for either party, on as reaſonable terms as any in the profeſſion. [*Exit.*

Fred. I have been thinking, uncle, and——you ſha'n't accompany me in this buſineſs.

Sir Rob. I ſha'n't! You puppy, hav'n't I a right to ſmell powder, if I pleaſe?

Fred. 'Tis an awkward buſineſs, altogether,—perhaps a fooliſh one. I am a uſeleſs fellow, floating through the world like a mere feather. If I am blown out of ſight, 'tis no matter. You are of too much value, uncle, to be made the ſport of every idle gale.

Sir Rob. Now, what, in the devil's name, is the value of a man, if he don't ſtand by his friend, when he wants him?

Fred. And, what, in the devil's name, uncle, is the value of his friend, if he only drags him into a ſcrape?

Sir Rob. A ſcrape!

Fred. Yes—. They tell me the law of this country is apt to call killing a man, in a duel, murder; and to look on all acceſſaries as principals. Now, uncle, as I am going on an expedition which may end in hanging, I don't think it quite conſiderate to inveigle an honeſt friend to be of the party.

Sir Rob. I never heard the argument put in that way before. There are few, I fancy, of your opinion.

Fred. Oh, a great many. There are men enough to be found, who would give in the ſame opinion, by Twelve at a time. But ſhou'd I fall, in my encounter, with this booby of a baronet———

Sir Rob. Fall!

Fred. Why, 'twould be bold to argue, uncle, if a bullet hits in a mortal place, that it won't kill—and, in caſe of the worſt, I have a requeſt to make—

Sir Rob. (*uneaſy*) Well?

Fred. If I fall, then, uncle, you——You know I have a father.

Sir Rob. (*agitated*) Well!

Fred. He is your brother, my dear uncle! An affectionate brother. Your tempers may not aſſimilate, but he loves you—He is poor (*takes him by the hand.*)—If I fall, remember him.

Sir Rob. (*throws himſelf on* FREDERICK'*s neck*) My

My dear, dear Frederick! your death would break my heart—I have been reasoning all my life, and find that all argument will vanish before one touch of nature.

Fred. I fancy you will often find it so, my dear uncle.

Sir Rob. And nature tells me, if you argue for ages, you sha'n't prevent the old man's going with you. Come, we must go home to prepare—You must have my pistols, and——upon my soul, Frederick, I love my brother Job—We'll have him over, and——zounds! this will all end in smoke ——and then I'll write to Russia—We'll have a family party, and be jolly, and——Come, my dear lad, come! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The parlour in* HARROWBY'*s house.*

Enter WORTHINGTON.

Worth. This young man may rashly plunge into a quarrel on Emily's account. 'Tis *my* duty to chastise the insulter of my child. At Sir Robert Bramble's I might learn more, and——but, in what a state of mind should I attend him!

Enter Corporal Foss.

So, Corporal! have you observed any people about the house?

Foss. No enemies, your honour; unless they are in ambuscade.

Worth. I am strongly inclined to go to Sir Robert's to-day.

Foss. I hope your honour will. They say he is such a good-hearted old gentleman—Ten to one but he gives your honour a helping hand.

Worth. Then he'll think I come to solicit assistance! I will not go. (*Half aside.*)

Foss. Won't you, your honour?

Worth. I wish to see my daughter again, Corporal.

Foss. I had almost made sure of your honour's going—I have laid out the red roquelaure; and, in

caſe of a dark night, Stephen's now in the ſtable, duſting out the lantern, for me, to march home before your honour.

Worth. Well, well,—ſend Emily to me——

Foſs. Heigho! Oh, here comes my young lady!

Enter EMILY.

(*Aſide to* EMILY.) Make him go to Sir Robert's, Miſs Emily—Bleſs you, do!—Mollify his honour a bit.—You don't know half the good may come on't—Do now! [*Exit* Foss.

Worth. What ſaid the Corporal, Emily?

Emily. He bid me preſs our going to Sir Robert Bramble's to-day.

Worth. Should you wiſh me, Emily, to place myſelf in a ſituation where I might be ſuſpected of imploring ſupport?

Emily. Heaven forbid! But the gentleman, who protected me, has been ſo good,—ſo *very* good,—that——

Worth. That what, Emily?

Emily. I——ſhould like to thank him—that's all.

Worth. Have we not both thanked him, already?

Emily. Yes—but—not enough, perhaps.

Worth. If more be neceſſary, I may expreſs our further ſenſe of his goodneſs by letter.

Emily. The ſervice he did me was not by letter, you know, my dear father.

Worth. You ſeem ſtrangely intereſted here, Emily!

Emily. Shouldn't I be ſo! I hope I ought: for indeed, indeed—— I——I am very uneaſy. (*unable to ſuppreſs her tears.*)

Worth. My child!——uneaſy!——compoſe yourſelf, Emily.—Open your heart to me; to your father; your friend, Emily!

Emily. Indeed, I never wiſh to hide my thoughts from

from you. They often meet your ear, ſo wild, and ſo unform'd, that they reſemble dreams.

Worth. Alas, my child! the thoughts of young minds too frequently reſemble dreams;—dawning dreams of happineſs, my Emily, which vaniſh as our day opens. Should you love this young man, Emily, it is a dream from which no reproof of mine ſhall ſtartle you; but the gentleneſs of a father ſhall awaken you.

Emily. Love him! Oh, no:—but, he preſerved me from danger, and, on that account, I dread he may incur it himſelf.

Worth. You know not, yet, what your heart is, Emily.

Emily. Yes, indeed, I do.—I ſhould be grieved if I did not know it dearly loved you.

Worth. And you have no ſuch ſentiments towards this young man, Emily?

Emily. No, upon my word. The ſentiments I feel for him are as different as light and darkneſs.

Worth. My deareſt Emily, till you know the world's path better, be cautious how you tread. Lovely bloſſoms open ere the fruit is form'd, and the heart expands, before the judgment ripens. I may ſoon be ſnatch'd from you, Emily——

Emily. My father!

Worth. Diſappointment, too, may preſs on the heel of Age, and haſten his ſtep with me to the grave.

Emily. My deareſt father!

Worth. Take, then, my fondeſt counſel while I live—my beſt legacy, alas! ſhould I be hurried from you. Act not too ſuddenly on ideas. Doubt that paſſion may miſlead you, till reflection juſtifies your impulſe. Wed not for wealth, Emily, without love; 'tis gaudy ſlavery;—nor for love without competence; 'tis twofold miſery. Go not againſt the current of your ſtation nor deſerts—. Glide gently down the ſtream, with neither too full a ſail, nor too ſlight a freightage, and may your voyage,

my

my child, be happier—much happier than your father's!

Enter Foss.

Foss. Madam MacTab wants to know if you all dine at Sir Robert's, your honour.

Worth. Why does she inquire, corporal?

Foss. It's about putting on some of her trinkums, and furbelows, I fancy, your honour. She came in, a while ago, as muddy as our little pigeon-toed drummer, after a long march.

Worth. I have thought on't—Tell her we shall go.

Foss. No! Will you? Huzza! I ha'n't been better pleased since they made me a Corporal.

[*Exit.*

Emily. You will go, then?

Worth. Some explanation is necessary there, and I will make up my mind to bury other feelings. I might hesitate, perhaps, in taking you with me, but you have heard my counsel, and I know my child. Lucretia will go with us—We must, afterwards, take our leave of her entirely.

Emily. Indeed!

Worth. Her conduct, of which you have inform'd me, with Sir Charles Cropland, has decided me; and she will only quit a tottering asylum. I have to tell you our friend Burford is dead, Emily.

Emily. What! the friend that———

Worth. Yes, Emily—A worthy, an honourable man—but from the suddenness of his death———'tis fit I prepare you for the shock—he has left me in involvements, which, in a few hours, may inclose me in a prison.

Emily. A prison!—You!—You will take me with you—Won't you take me with you?

Worth. Like the eagle on the rock, Emily, I must shelter my nestling where Providence ordains.

Emily. Well, then, do not make yourself unhappy, my dear father! We shall not be very miserable, if we are not asunder.—I will sit by you—talk

talk to you—liſten to you—and, ſhould a tear ſteal upon your cheek, I can kiſs it off, and—*(ſobs involuntarily.)* I am not ſhock'd for myſelf—pray, forgive me!

Worth. My beloved, my amiable child!

Enter Miſs LUCRETIA MACTAB.

Luc. If we live here for a twelvemonth, I'll never ſpeak to that beaſtly quack, who left me in a ditch, again.

Worth. We ſhall not live here for a twelvemonth, Madam; and after what has paſs'd, you will feel as little ſurpriſe, as I mean offence, when I propoſe to you to relinquiſh the fortunes of a man, whoſe ſituation, in all places, muſt be ſo irkſome to you.

Luc. I——I underſtand—You are weak enough, then, Mr. Worthington, to wiſh me to withdraw my countenance from the family.

Worth. Since the ſtrength of your zeal for my family, Madam, has ſo far outrun my weak notions of its happineſs, I confeſs I do wiſh you to withdraw it!

Luc. 'Tis very well, Sir!

Worth. When you are ready, Madam, to go to Sir Robert Bramble's, you will find Emily, and me, in the garden, prepared to attend you. Come, my love! [*Exeunt* EMILY *and* WORTHINGTON.

Luc. Then the Honourable Miſs Lucretia MacTab is cut, at laſt, by a half-pay Lieutenant, in a marching regiment.

Enter Foss.

Foſs. Is your ladyſhip's honour ready to go?

Luc. Go! are you ſent to drum me out, fellow, as you would a deſerter?

Foſs. I don't come to drum your ladyſhip's honour;—I want to know if you'll go to Sir Robert's.

Luc. Go, to-morrow, by break of day, to the poſt-houſe. Aſk if there's a return chaiſe there, for London.

Foſs.

Foſs. What am I to do then, an' it pleaſe you?

Luc. Secure a ſeat in it, for the Honourable Miſs Lucretia MacTab.

Foſs. Is your ladyſhip's honour bundling off, then?

Luc. Bundling, you brute! obey my orders.

Foſs. That I will, with all my heart and ſoul, an' pleaſe your honour!

Luc. I'll withdraw myſelf from this wretched family—I'll go down to Scotland, and patroniſe my ſixteenth couſin, the tobacconiſt of Glaſgow. [*Exit.*

Enter STEPHEN.

Stephen. Here be the lantern, Maſter Corporal. I have made him ſhine like our barn door. If you do like a duck, now, for your ſupper, I ha' ſhot one of ourn for you, wi' father's blunderbuſs.

Foſs. How came you to do that, my honeſt lad?

Stephen. Why, ſhe ware a marching before a whole brood of young ones—and look'd, for all the world, like a captain at the head of his attachment. We have no herbs to ſtuff her, for I ha' cut up all our kitchen garden, to look like a mortification.

Foſs. Well, well—I muſt attend his honour—But keep a ſharp look out, my good lad!—You know what I told you.

Stephen. What, about the bum-baileys? rot um! I'll blow 'em up wi' gunpowder.

Foſs. Keep a good watch, that's all.

Stephen. Dang me, if a ſoldier's hurt on our premiſes. I've unmuzzled Towzer and Cabbage; they'll bite all as come, good or bad. Come you along, Mr. Corporal. "For a ſoldier, a ſoldier's "the lad for me!" (*ſinging*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the laſt.*

Enter Sir CHARLES CROPLAND *and* OLLAPOD.

Sir Cha. We are on the ground firſt.

Olla. Perhaps the enemy's ſubject to a common complaint.

Sir Cha.

Sir Cha. What's that?

Olla. Troubled with a palpitation of heart, and can't come.

Sir Cha. He doesn't ſeem of that ſort. What are the odds now, that he doesn't wing me? Theſe greenhorns generally hit every thing but the man they aim at.

Olla. Do they! zounds! then the odds are that he'll wing *me*—I'll be principal, if you pleaſe;—for, to ſay the truth, I never ſerved my time to the trade of a ſecond.

Sir Cha. Pſha! you muſt meaſure the diſtance, when he comes, Ollapod.

Olla. What's the uſual diſtance, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha. Eight paces.

Olla. Bleſs me! men might as well fight acroſs a counter. Does the ſecond always meaſure the ground?

Sir Cha. 'Tis the cuſtom.

Olla. Then you had better have choſen one a little longer in the legs. If I was to fight, I'd come out with a Coloſſus.

Sir Cha. I ſee him coming to the ſtyle.

Olla. There! he has jumped over. Curſe him! he's as nimble as quickſilver—And there's old Sir Robert, waddling behind him, like a badger.

Sir Cha. They are here.

Enter Sir ROBERT BRAMBLE *and* FREDERICK.

Sir Rob. Gently, Frederick! I tell you I'm out of breath.

Fred. We ſhall be too late, and——Oh! here's my man. I hope we hav'n't kept you waiting, Sir. They ſay, in England, when people are to ſhoot at one another, it's the only engagement in which it's the faſhion to be punctual.

Sir Cha. You are pretty exact, Sir.

Fred. Let us loſe no time, if you pleaſe, then;—for dinner will be ſpoil'd.

Sir Cha. Perhaps, Sir, one of us may never go to dinner again.

Fred.

Fred. No; but my uncle will—and 'twould be a pity he ſhould have his meat over-roaſted.

Sir Cha. Mr. Ollapod, be ſo good as to walk over the ground.

Olla. Left foot foremoſt, as they do in the Infantry?

Sir Rob. Hold, Sir Charles! Perhaps this matter may be brought to an accommodation.

Sir Cha. I don't well ſee how, Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. If you are alive to fair argument, I think I ſhall convince you you have been curſedly in the wrong.

Sir Cha. I didn't come here to argue, Sir.

Sir Rob. Didn't you! Frederick, you muſt ſhoot him. A man that won't liſten to argument deſerves to be blown to the devil.

Olla. (*finiſhing his meaſurement*) Five, ſix, ſeven, eight.

Fred. We'll take our ground if you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir Cha. Give me that, Ollapod; and ſucceſs to hair-triggers! (*Takes a piſtol from* OLLAPOD.)

Sir Rob. Here is your piſtol, my dear lad.—Zounds! my heart is as heavy as a bullet! Happen what will, I ſhall never forget poor Job; and as for you, Frederick—Come, damn it, we muſtn't blubber, now. (*They take their ground, and preſent.*)

Olla. Stop—here's ſomebody coming—Medical man never witneſs'd a finer criſis!

Enter WORTHINGTON.

Worth. My friend! Sir Robert Bramble, too! piſtols!

Fred. Stand out of the way, my dear Sir! Whoever is on his legs, after the firſt fire, will have the pleaſure of ſpeaking to you.

Worth. Stay, gentlemen! This buſineſs, I believe, requires my interference.

Sir Cha. And pray, Sir, what may make your interference ſo neceſſary?

Worth. I conceive you to be Sir Charles Cropland;—which argues——

Sir Rob. Don't waſte your arguments: they'll be all thrown away upon him.

Sir Cha. I am Sir Charles Cropland, Sir; and, pray, who are you?

Worth. I will tell you, Sir.—I am a man, into whoſe family a ſerpent has baſely crept, to corrupt my child; but her mind is fraught with too much ſenſe, and virtue, to fall beneath his wiles; and, ruffian-like, he has attempted force to complete his purpoſes. I am an officer, Sir, in his Majeſty's army—quick to reſent a private injury, as I have been ready to face my country's foes. I am one, Sir, who am as gratified to meet you, that I may chaſtiſe you, as you merit,—as you have ever been induſtrious to ſkulk from me, conſcious of the puniſhment you have deſerved. I need not tell you my name is Worthington.

Sir Rob. Dam'me, but that is better than argument; and as unlike flattery as any thing I ever heard in my life!

Fred. (*to* Sir CHARLES) Now, pray, Sir, are you and I to go home to our dinners, or are we to ſwallow a forced-meat ball in the fields?

Sir Cha. We had better ſuſpend the buſineſs, Sir—There are ladies coming.

Enter LUCRETIA *and* EMILY.

Luc. Your father has trotted on, child, as if he was on a forced march. Bleſs me! (*looking round*) who have we here?

Emily. My father—with Sir Robert, and——ha! Sir Charles Cropland there!

Luc. And that brute who left me in the mire.

Olla. That's me.

Worth. You and I, Sir Charles, muſt find another moment for explanation.

Sir Cha. The immediate moment may be the beſt, Mr. Worthington. I believe I may have been ſo faſhionable in my ideas, that they may have led

led me wrong; and I don't think it a very bad ſtyle, though it mayn't be modern, to confeſs it.

Worth. The ſtyle of ſenſe and honeſty, Sir, muſt ever meet approbation; that of folly, contempt; that of offence, correction; and, I ſhou'd be ſorry if the ſtyle of repentance did not find forgiveneſs.

Sir Rob Or the ſtyle of argument, liſteners.

Sir Cha. Miſs Worthington, I confeſs my fault, and plead for pardon. You will not only, I hope, afford me your own, but intercede with Mr. Worthington for his, alſo. You check'd me—(*to Fred.*) rather roughly indeed—in a career which I have acknowledged to be wrong, Sir.—Inſtead, therefore, of proceeding in reſentment, it will be better to offer you my thanks, if you will be pleaſed to accept them.

Fred. Sir, 'tis pleaſanter to be thank'd than ſhot at, any time; and I accept them willingly.

Sir Cha. I take my leave then. I hav'n't daſh'd thro' this ſcrape according to preſent principles—a man's owning he is ſorry for his vices may get him laugh'd at, among a few gay friends, who have more ſpirits than thought; but I believe he'll hunt the pleaſanter for it, in Leiceſterſhire. [*Exit.*

Olla. (*advancing.*) Miſs Lucretia MacTab, I confeſs my fault, and plead for pardon, ſince I, unluckily, left you in a puddle; and I ſincerely hope you'll never be in ſuch a pickle again.

Luc. Stand away, you brute!

Olla. Sir Robert, I hope you won't withdraw your friendſhip—and it would give me a mortification to be cut off from your cuſtom.

Sir Rob. Oh, maſter Ollapod, your little foibles are like your ſmall quantities of magneſia; they give no great nauſea, and do neither harm nor good.

Olla. Come, that's very well, very well indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one—I'll ſtay, and he'll aſk me to dinner. (*Aſide.*)

Sir Rob And, what are you ſaying, there, to Miſs Worthington, Frederick.

Fred.

Fred. Telling her what good cheer there is in Blackberry Hall, uncle—and what a worthy gentleman at the head of the table, where I am going to have the pleaſure to lead her.

Sir Rob. You are deviliſh ready to do the honours;—isn't he, Mr. Worthington?

Worth. To do honour to the human heart, Sir, I have found him very ready.

Sir Rob. And have you found him ſo very ready to do honour to the heart, Miſs Worthington?

Emily. Yes, indeed I have, Sir.

Sir Rob. I begin to perceive it. I'm a ſtrange old fellow—fond of argument, they ſay. But I have ſo little time left, now, in this world, that ſome of my arguments are a little ſhorter than they uſed to be. When I was hobbling over the ſtile, after Frederick, there,—and thought the dog might be ſhivered to atoms—I made a determination in my own mind, if he happen'd to ſurvive, that he, and your daughter—What's your name, young lady?

Emily. Emily, Sir.

Sir Rob. Ha! a pretty name enough—that he and Emily ſhou'd make a happy couple.

Worth. Never, Sir.

Sir Rob. That's a plump *negatur*. We'll argue that point, if you pleaſe.

Worth. My child, Sir Robert, has heard my opinions very lately; and hearing the opinions of a friend, ſhe adopts them.

Sir Rob. Does ſhe? Then ſhe's as little like Humphrey Dobbins in her mind, as ſhe is in her features.

Worth. To you it may, now, be neceſſary to ſay that I am poorer even than poor—but obſerve, I diſdain all ſolicitations—This very day I have been appriſed——

Sir Rob. Oh, I know what you mean—The bond for five hundred pounds.

Worth. How came *you* appriſed of that bond, Sir? (*rather haughtily.*)

Sir Rob. I have paid it.

Worth. Paid it!

Sir Rob. Yes—while Frederick was loading his piſtols, in the next room, to come to the field, here.

Worth. You aſtoniſh me!

Sir Rob. Why ſo? I happen to be Sheriff of the County; and, as all writs are returnable to me, a ſcrubbyiſh fellow aſk'd me to ſign one againſt you. I thought it might be as well not to lock up a worthy man, in a ſcurvy room, juſt as I had aſk'd him, from no common motives, to ſit down to my table—ſo, I drew upon my bankers, inſtead of John Doe, and Richard Roe,—and you may reimburſe me at your leiſure.

Fred. My dear, dear uncle! you have been before me here!

Sir Rob. You rogue, if your fortune could ſerve you as well as your legs, I believe you'd have been before me here, too.

Worth. I know not what to ſay to you, Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. Confeſs you're a damn'd bad phyſiognomiſt, and I'm content. Say a man's countenance may a little belye his nature;—though, as Sheriff of the County, I own I am head of the bum-bailiffs.

Worth. I ſhall never be able to repay you this debt, Sir, but by long, and miſerable inſtalments.

Sir Rob. You ſhall give me ſecurity.

Worth. I wiſh it. Any in my power.

Sir Rob. Miſs Emily, pray come here—Frederick, you dog, come on the other ſide of me. Let me appoint you two truſtees for a bond Mr. Worthington ſhall give me—a bond of family alliance—fulfil your charge punctually, and Heaven proſper you in your obligations. Mr. Worthington, what ſay you?

Worth. You overwhelm me—I cannot ſpeak.

[FREDERICK *embraces* EMILY.

Sir Rob. The truſtees are dumb too:—but I ſee they are embracing the obligations, pretty willingly.

Olla. A marriage between the young ones. I hope I may be in favour with the family, nine months hence.

Luc. Sir Robert, I rejoice at the alliance. The Brambles came in with the Conqueror, and are no disgrace to the MacTabs.

Sir Rob. I haven't the honor to know exactly, who you may be, Madam; but I thank you. But, damn it!—our dinner will be waiting.—Make one of the party, if you please, Ollapod.

Olla. I'll attack your mutton with all my heart, Sir Robert. I knew he'd ask me to dinner.

Fred. Come, Emily! let me lead you to a house, where our days may be long, be happy. You look doubtingly.

Emily. No, indeed—When my father doubted, I have doubted—but I can read his eyes—as he, I own, not long since, read my heart. You have been my preserver, and I can't help feeling gratitude.

Sir Rob. Love, you mean, you little devil! Frederick, we'll have Job a grandfather before he can get from Russia.

Fred. My dear uncle, your hand—Mr. Worthington, suffer me to press yours. Emily, you have my heart. And may hearts, when unvitiated by the world, meet the happiness I expect, and the approbation of the Virtuous!

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

Olla. Dull Care, avaunt! all, here, are now content.
Sir Rob. Hold—that admits, perhaps, of argument.
Some may be ſicken'd here——
Luc. But, how to know?
Olla. Their pulſes muſt be felt before we go.
Sir Rob. Their pulſes! That by you were better done.
Olla. That's very well—thank you—I owe you one.
Hold up your heads, pray. Hum—ha! 'gad, they ſmile!
The Patients don't ſeem troubled with much bile.
I doſe men's ſpirits to their proper pitch;
As Cornet, every lady I bewitch:
Luc. Not, when you leave a lady in a ditch.
Worth. As father, I each father's favour court—
Emily. As daughter, I from daughters aſk ſupport.
Olla. Apothecaries, cheer me with your bounty.
Sir Rob. Bum-bailiffs, Me, as ſheriff of the county.
Fred. I deprecate the cruel Critick's ſtabs;
Luc. And I—by all the blood of the Mac Tabs!
Worth. And, if, to-night, my efforts ſhou'd ſucceed,
Then the *Poor Gentleman* feels rich indeed.

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